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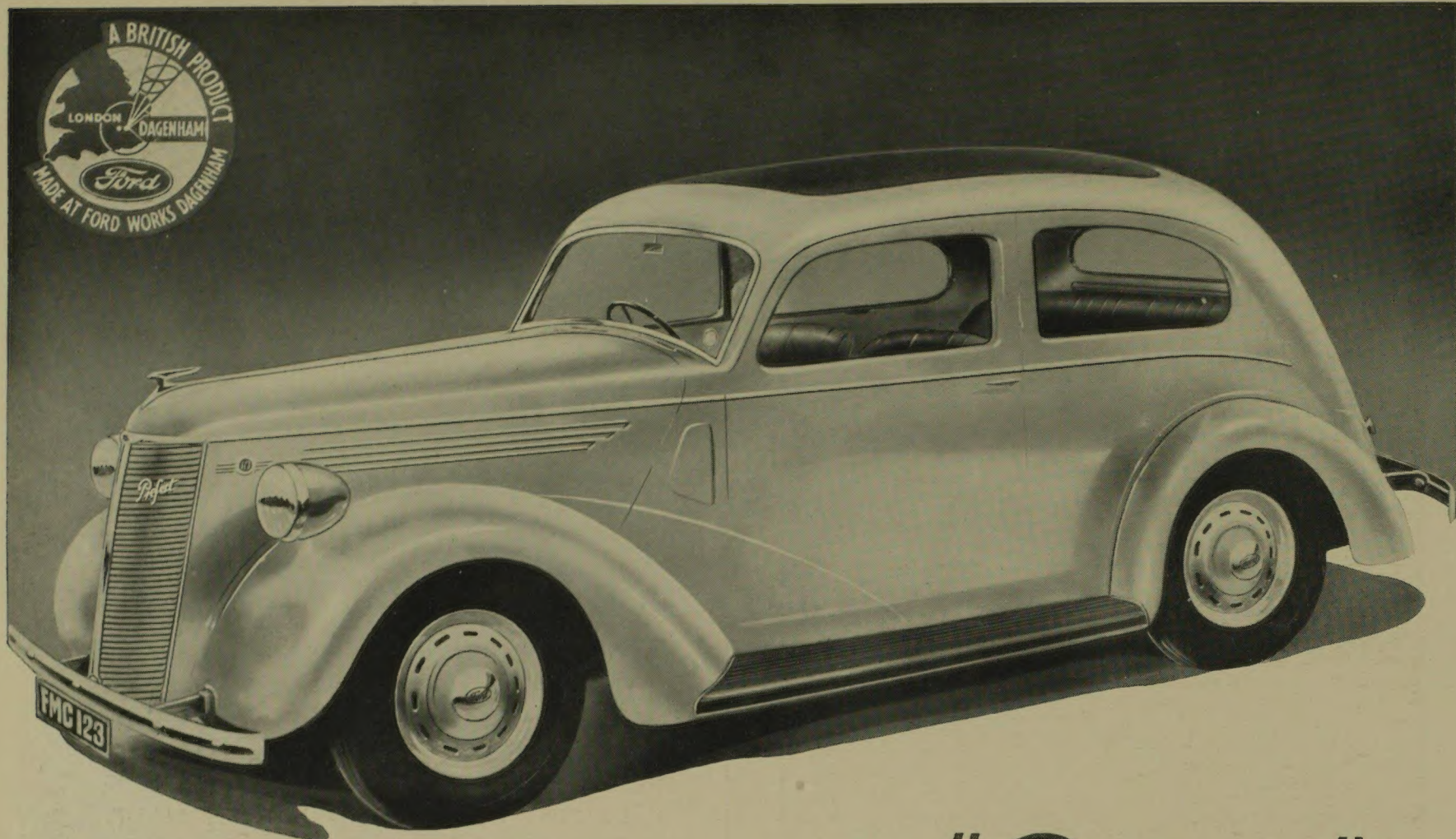
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Good enough for the sixteenth century perhaps; but at Dagenham today Ford cars and Fordson commercial vehicles are manufactured under the check of precision gauges that will measure to a two-millionth of an inch.



# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1938.



THE FRENCH NAVY AT BATTLE-PRACTICE: A BATTLESHIP OF THE ATLANTIC SQUADRON FIRING HER AFTER-TURRET GUNS—THE TUMBLED WATER IN HER WAKE ILLUMINATED BY THE FLASHES.

At the beginning of this month the Atlantic Squadron of the French Navy carried out exercises in the Channel under the command of Vice-Admiral Gensoul. It is believed that the manœuvres followed the scheme which would have been carried out in the early part of October, had not the international situation prevented it, but blanks were fired instead of live ammunition. Our photograph shows one of the French battleships in the twilight firing a salvo from her after-turret guns—

the flash lighting up the tumbled water in her wake. The capital ships in the Atlantic squadron consist of the "Dunkerque," the flag-ship; "Provence," "Lorraine," and "Bretagne." The "Dunkerque," which was completed in 1937, has eight 13-in. guns and the "Bretagne" and "Provence" are armed with ten 13.4-in. guns and eight 3-in. A.A. guns. Both of these ships were completed in 1915 and were extensively refitted in 1932-35.





By ARTHUR BRYANT.

JUST now everybody in this Christian country is shopping for Christmas. There must be very few, even among the poorest, who will not have expended something in the next few days on the score of the greatest Feast of the Christian year. It would be interesting to discover what proportion of the adult population find the giving and taking of Christmas gifts a profitable transaction. Children, of course, are gainers all the way. But after the age of twenty-one, few men can have known a Christmas when they received more than they gave away—in material goods that can be measured in pounds, shillings and pence, that is. Most people, even those of very humble means, go to great pains and a considerable degree of proportionate expense to bestow worldly goods in token of good fellowship and Christian love on their friends and relations. Any main-street pavement in any British town at the hour of writing will be crowded with those about to do so, peering into the glittering, expensive-looking shop windows, or, having done so, walking along laden with parcels. These latter, scarcely balanced by a corresponding lightness of purse, will be carried laboriously home, there to be secreted until, re-parcelled and re-labelled, they are triumphantly presented on Christmas morning. And who, the philosopher may speculate a little inhumanly, will be the gainer? Scarcely, if common experience is any guide, the donees. For on the balance I am afraid that each of us would have to admit that, were we on Boxing Day to make a valuation of what we had received in the way of Christmas presents, and set against it the money we had expended in buying other people's, we should find ourselves the losers. And I dare say that much, if not most, of what we had received, would our hearts but allow us to be honest with ourselves at such a glowing hour, would prove to be things that we did not really require at all, and certainly would not have gone to the length of laying out hard cash to acquire. Who but a very rich man would think it worth while to sacrifice part of his income to become the possessor of, say, a sealskin passport-case or a Florentine blotter in embossed leather? And yet, who would not cheerfully go short of something he desires to buy the like for Uncle Timothy or kind Aunt Maud or the parson's lady, who is coming to dinner with us on Christmas night and will surely expect something and certainly shame us with an equally useless gift of her own if we have nothing in store for her.

What, then, happens to all the money so charitably and warmly expended? And who is the richer for it? The shopkeeper gets something from it, of course, and I only hope that the harassed, half-suffocated young ladies who finally attend to one's wants amid the surge of humanity round the bargain counter get a substantial share of it. So, too, one imagines, must the far-sighted individuals who manufacture the kind of objects which are regarded as suitable Yuletide gifts. For at Christmas one is reminded of the truth, which economists so often proclaim in vain, that man is both producer and consumer. And

at Christmas the latter very justly and properly pays a toll of goodwill to the former. It isn't Uncle Timothy and Aunt Maud and the vicar's lady that we benefit so much by our seasonable purchases, as working Adam all the world over. In this Feast are celebrated the toiler and the wearied creator: we recall the manger, with its labouring ox and the patient ass who are the eternal types of those who carry the world's burdens. For the day of this Feast is that on which a Child was born to bear burdens. And as the Kings out of the East bore presents to

for us and tied up so lavishly in gay-coloured string, with holly-bordered labels. And there is another partaker in this distribution of Christian largesse, and one who benefits more largely than any. For there is one undeviating law of all present-giving. Who is the happiest person on Christmas Day? He or she who has received the most in the way of gifts and expended the least? The very reverse of this balance-sheet logic holds on Christmas Day. Everyone vies to give the most according to his means, is fearful lest in the end he should find himself more of

a taker than a giver, and glows with benevolent satisfaction as the recipients of his gifts behold those things, however unsuitable, with which he has provided them. Here indeed is the authentic spirit of Christmas, that which Mr. Scrooge was so deficient in, and which—at a great but unaccounted loss to his carefully guarded balance at the bank—he found so much joy in discovering.

Poor Scrooge! He is the person most to be pitied at this recurring festival. For without the miracle of Dickens' fancied dispensation of sudden wisdom from on high there is nothing in the season of joy and reconciliation for him. He is like a man cloaked in a cloud of thick and impenetrable fog travelling a land bathed in sunshine. The rays that warm and invigorate those about him never touch him. And he is in the midst of us and in every one of us—the skeleton that grimly watches our rejoicings. He is the spirit of materialism that chills every corner of our age as perhaps it has chilled no other epoch of human history since the cold, sterile twilight of Imperial Rome that preceded the coming of the dark centuries of barbarism. For there is a Scrooge in every man, whispering in his ear that Christmas is a delusion and an antiquated mummery, and that the sooner it is over, with its indigestion, its bills and its forced hilarity, the better. His is the heartless and despairing knock on the door of our civilisation.

And he is to be pitied. It is no use trying to banish him with anger and reproachful words. The sterner our reproaches, the more will that cold and saddened heart be hardened against the understanding which alone can save it from the iron siege it undergoes. That which we term sin—in which all the cruelties and self-inflicted sorrows of man are contained—is nothing but the crust that forms round the heart to which love has been once denied. All over Europe and a divided world, as in our

own homes and private troubles and dissensions, the same lesson confronts us. Every time that anyone hardens his heart towards any other living creature he increases the stature of Scrooge. Only the power of love can make him again what he once was—as it were, a little child. Here is the lesson that the Founder of Christianity taught, and that men have ever since misunderstood and continue to misunderstand, and which, none the less, this Feast enables them, if they will but do it, to comprehend.



THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY: SIR EDWIN LUTYENS, DESIGNER OF THE CENOTAPH, WHO SUCCEEDS SIR WILLIAM LLEWELLYN.

On December 10, the Royal Academy's Foundation Day, Sir Edwin Lutyens was elected fifteenth President in succession to Sir William Llewellyn, who is retiring after ten years of office. Sir Edwin, who is aged sixty-nine, is famous throughout the world as the designer of the Cenotaph and he also designed the Arch at Thiepval and the Australian Army Memorial at Villers-Bretonneux, near Amiens. He prepared the plans for the new Delhi, together with the design for the Viceroy's Palace, and is the architect for the Roman Catholic Cathedral in Liverpool. At present Sir Edwin is engaged on the memorial fountains to Jellicoe and Beatty, which are to be erected in Trafalgar Square, and is designing the National Theatre in South Kensington in collaboration with Mr. Cecil Masey. After being a Fellow of the Royal Institute of British Architects for twenty-four years, Sir Edwin resigned in 1930 and in 1932 became President of the Incorporated Association of Architects and Surveyors. (Elliott and Fry.)

lay at His feet in the manger, where His Mother, the carpenter's wife, had cradled Him, so our humbler and commemorative gifts bring the reward of labour to those who toil.

Not that, of course, they do so consciously. It never, I suppose, occurs to us that we are benefiting anyone but Uncle Timothy and Aunt Maud, just as it never occurs to them that they are benefiting anyone but us when they beckon us hopefully and affectionately to the good things they have also bought



## THE FRENCH NAVY'S SEA-KEEPING QUALITIES: A BATTLESHIP IN A SWELL.



RESEMBLING A LIGHTHOUSE AS IT SINKS IN THE TROUGH OF A WAVE: THE SUPERSTRUCTURE OF A FRENCH BATTLESHIP OF THE ATLANTIC SQUADRON AS SEEN FROM THE NEXT AHEAD DURING MANŒUVRES IN THE CHANNEL.

This remarkable photograph, like that on our front page, was taken during the French Atlantic Squadron's exercises in the Channel a few weeks ago. The French battleships were steaming in line-ahead through the tremendous swell so often encountered at the mouth of the Channel between the Scilly Isles and Ouessant Island and, at times, only their superstructure was visible from the next ahead. The conditions prevailing at this point gave everyone concerned plenty of practice in keeping the ships in their proper stations and showed that the French Navy is not a "fair-weather Fleet." The Atlantic Squadron includes four capital ships, an aircraft-carrier, and the world's largest submarine, the "Surcouf," which is armed with two 8-in. guns and ten 21.7-in. torpedo-tubes. The "Surcouf" carries one

aircraft and has a radius of 10,000 miles at ten knots. Two battleships will shortly be added to the French Navy: the "Richelieu" and the "Jean Bart." They are due for completion in 1939 and 1940 respectively. The 1938 building programme provides for 126,000 tons of new ships and the French Navy will be well ahead of the Italian and German Fleets in tonnage by 1942. Included in the programme are two 35,000-ton battleships, two seaplane-carriers of 20,000 tons, and two 8000-ton cruisers. The battleship "Dunkerque," flag-ship of the Atlantic Squadron, is the most powerful unit of the Fleet and carries her main armament up forward in quadruple turrets. A sister-ship, the "Strasbourg," was completed this year. The Mediterranean Squadron could be reinforced from the Atlantic Squadron if necessary.





WHEN SAVOY, A PROVINCE ITALIANS HAVE BEEN CLAIMING, WAS OCCUPIED BY FRANCE (TOGETHER WITH NICE) IN 1860: AN ENGRAVING FROM OUR ISSUE OF APRIL 7, 1860, SHOWING THE PIEMONTESE GARRISON LEAVING CHAMBERY.



TUNIS, WHERE ITALIAN DEMONSTRATIONS AND FRENCH AND ARAB COUNTER-DEMONSTRATIONS REQUISITED AN INCREASE IN POLICE AND MILITARY ESTABLISHMENTS: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE CITY. (Central Press.)



OUTBURSTS OF ANTI-ITALIAN FEELING IN FRANCE: A CROWD OF MEN, HEADED BY TRICOLEURS, DEMONSTRATING AGAINST ITALIAN CLAIMS TO CORSICA, AT BASTIA; AND PARIS STUDENTS, ONE OF WHOSE PLACARDS BEARS THE TROICAL SLOGAN "VENISE À NOUS," PREVENTED FROM MARCHING TO THE ITALIAN EMBASSY. (Wide World, Topical.)

The speech of Count Ciano, the Italian Foreign Minister, in the Chamber of Deputies in Rome on November 30 was loudly acclaimed by shouts of "Tunis! Tunis!" and "Nice!" Not surprisingly, great publicity was given to this demonstration (which was generally believed to be part of a set plan) both in Italy and abroad. On December 2 M. François-Poncet, the French Ambassador in Rome, called on Count Ciano, and was understood to have made a strong protest, and to have demanded an immediate explanation. Shortly afterwards, mass demonstrations took place in many parts of France

## TUNIS, CORSICA, NICE AND DJIBOUTI—THE A HISTORICAL RETROSPECT; AND RECENT



THE FRENCH OCCUPATION OF SAVOY: THE RESULT OF THE BARGAIN STRUCK BETWEEN LOUIS NAPOLEON AND CAVOUR, WHEREBY FRANCE AGREED TO HELP TO LIBERATE NORTHERN ITALY. (FROM OUR ISSUE OF APRIL 7, 1860.)

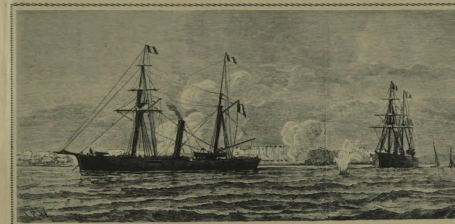


WORKMEN CLEANING THE ITALIAN CONSULATE-GENERAL IN TUNIS AFTER PRO-FRENCH FEELING HAD EXPRESSED ITSELF BY THE THROWING OF BOTTLES OF RED AND BLUE INK AT THE WHITE WALLS OF THE BUILDING. (Wide World.)



in protest against the claims to Corsica, Tunis, and Nice which continued to be voiced in Italy. In Tunis the demonstrators attempted a march to the Palace of the Resident-General, but were stopped by the police. In Corsica popular indignation appeared to be particularly strongly aroused, and huge demonstrations took place all over the island. At Ajaccio the demonstration was headed by the Mayor, as also occurred at Bastia, Calvi, Corte, and Sartene. Britain's concern at these developments was shown when Lord Perth, British Ambassador in Rome, called on Count Ciano and drew his attention

## SUBJECTS OF UNOFFICIAL ITALIAN CLAIMS: DEMONSTRATIONS IN FRANCE AND ITALY.



THE ESTABLISHMENT OF A FRENCH PROTECTORATE OVER TUNIS, IN 1881—AN ACT BITTERLY RESENTED BY ITALY AT THE TIME: THE BOMBARDMENT OF SFAX BY FRENCH GUNBOATS. (FROM OUR ISSUE OF JULY 23, 1881.)



THE EFFECTS OF ANTI-FRENCH DEMONSTRATIONS IN ITALY: A CORDON OF CARABINIERI AND TROOPS ACROSS A SIDE STREET LEADING TO THE PALAZZO FARNESIO, ROME, WHERE THE FRENCH EMBASSY IS SITUATED; AND SOLDIERS PROTECTING THE FRENCH CONSULATE IN MILAN FROM ANGRY STUDENTS. (Pland, Keystone.)



CHASSEURS D'AFRIQUE WATCHING NATIVE SIGNAL FIRES DURING THE OCCUPATION OF TUNIS: AN ACTION ENCOURAGED BY BISMARCK TO DIVERT FRENCH ATTENTION FROM ALSACE-LOTHRINGEN. (FROM OUR ISSUE OF MAY 7, 1881.)



DJIBOUTI, THE FRENCH ENCLAVE AT THE ENTRANCE OF THE RED SEA, WHICH ONE ITALIAN PAPER HAS SAID BELONGS "BY RIGHT" TO ITALY, AND DESCRIBED AS "A THORN IN OUR FLESH EVER SINCE 1935": A MAP SHOWING ALSO ABYSSINIA AND THE RAILWAY TO ADDIS ABABA.

to the recently concluded Anglo-Italian agreement in which Italy assured Britain that she had no intention of changing the Mediterranean status quo; for clearly any attempt to perpetrate Italian establishments in the Balearics or to acquire fresh territory either on the French Riviera or in French Africa would not accord with this undertaking. In the next few days anti-French demonstrations took place in Rome and several Italian provincial cities. Large numbers of students belonging to the Fascist University Union marched on the French Embassy in Rome, shouting for the "return" to Italy of

Tunisia, Nice, and Djibouti. Carabinieri prevented their reaching the Embassy. At Naples students marched on the French Consulate, being joined by members of the German Labour front who were visiting Naples. Meanwhile large reinforcements of troops and mobile guards had been sent to Tunis by the French Government in view of the danger of serious clashes between French and Italian residents. A cordon of French infantry and native cavalry had to be thrown round the Italian Consulate-General to protect it. The latest reports from Tunis, however, speak of the situation as more normal.



## FROM FINS TO FINGERS: THE EVOLUTION OF MAN'S HAND

REPRODUCED FROM "FINGERS AND THUMBS," BY



1. MAN'S HAND BEGAN COUNTLESS AGES AGO WHEN ANIMALS LIVED ONLY IN THE SEA: THE FIN—USED FOR SWIMMING AND BALANCING.



2. AGES LATER, WHEN LIFE INVADDED THE LAND, THE FIRST REAL HAND DEVELOPED, WITH WRIST AND FINGERS, AND AMONG REPTILES IT ASSUMED DIFFERENT SHAPES.



5. AS THE AGES PASSED AND MAMMALS, HIGHEST OF ALL ANIMALS, CAME INTO BEING, NATURE EXPERIMENTED WITH MANY DIFFERENT HAND SHAPES: THE ANT-EATER'S HAND.



6. IN SOME ANIMALS THE HANDS DEVELOPED INTO HOOKS SO THAT THEY COULD HANG FROM THE BRANCHES OF TREES, AS IN THE UNWIELDY SLOTHS.



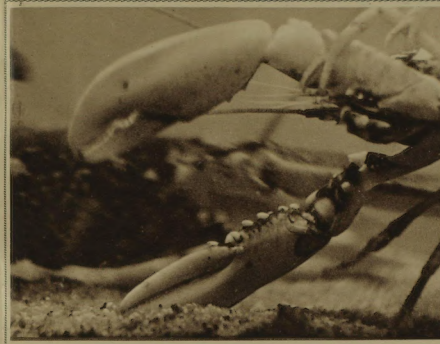
9. THE FINGERS OF THAT STRANGE FLYING MAMMAL, THE BAT, LENGTHENED OUT AND ITS HAND BECAME A WING, GIVING IT THE POWER OF FLIGHT.



10. WITH THE LEMUR AND MONKEY THE HAND COMES INTO ITS OWN, BUT THEY ARE UNABLE TO CLOSE THEIR THUMBS ROUND AN OBJECT PROPERLY.

## DEPICTED IN A SHORT FILM BY PROFESSOR JULIAN HUXLEY.

COURTESY OF STRAND-FILM ZOOLOGICAL PRODUCTIONS.



3. A LOBSTER'S CLAWS AND FEELERS: INSECTS AND THEIR ARMoured RELATIVES DEVELOPED OTHER KINDS OF HANDS; CLAWS AND PINCERS AND WHIP-LIKE FEELERS.



4. AN INSTANCE OF THE WONDROUS VARIETY OF NIGHTMARE LIMBS IN THE INSECT WORLD: A GIGANTIC SPIDER OF THE WEST INDIES WITH GROTESQUE HAIRY LEGS.



7. THE HANDS BECAME HOOFs AMONG THE PLAIN-DWELLERS, ENABLING THEM TO COVER GREAT DISTANCES AND OUT-RUN THEIR PURSUERS, AND THE FINGERS VANISHED.



8. IN SOME MAMMALS THE HANDS IN TIME BECAME MASSIVE PEDESTALS FOR SUPPORTING GREAT WEIGHT; AS IS SEEN IN THE CASE OF THE ELEPHANT AND RHINOCEROS.



11. NEAREST TO MAN IN PERFECTION OF THE HAND: THE APE, WHICH HAS AN OPPOSABLE THUMB, BUT IS HINDERED BY ITS UNDEVELOPED BRAIN.



12. PERFECTLY CO-ORDINATED WITH THE BRAIN: THE HAND OF MAN, WHICH MAKES PROPER USE OF THE THUMB AND CAN PERFORM TASKS WITH EASE AND SKILL.

A short film of considerable interest was recently shown at the London Pavilion. Entitled "Fingers and Thumbs," it deals with the evolution of the hand of Man from the fish's fin. It was made by Strand Film Zoological Productions under the supervision of Professor Julian Huxley, and is the first of a second series, twelve in all, entitled "Animal Kingdom," made with the co-operation of the Royal Zoological Society. The first six, notably "Monkey into Man," have had a great success and have already been shown in 400 cinemas. "Fingers and Thumbs," stills of which are reproduced on these pages, traces

the hand from the time when, as a fin, it was used only for swimming and balancing, and then, when living creatures left the sea, it became strong enough to bear the animal's weight to the time when the first real hand developed with wrist and fingers. Later, as the reptiles evolved, hands took on varied shapes to fit special needs, but in all the plan was the same. Already the five-fingered hand of Man was emerging. As time went on, some of the reptiles became bird-like and the fingers lengthened out to support an expanse of feathers, and the hand was reshaped for flying. Another branch of the animal

family, the insects, developed a wondrous variety of nightmare limbs with claws, pincers and whip-like feelers. As the process of evolution continued and the mammals came into being, their hands assumed many shapes. In some they became hoofs; in others, massive pedestals for supporting great weight. Flesh-eaters developed great claws with which to hold their meat, and others made hooks of their hands to suspend themselves from the branches of trees. One mammal, the bat, took to the air, and its hand lengthened into a wing; while other creatures, like the sea-lion, living on land and in water, drew in

their fingers together to form a flipper. Hands really come into their own with the monkey, but it holds things clumsily, as its thumb cannot close properly around an object. Nearest to Man in perfection is the ape, which represents the final stage in the fashioning of a hand, but it is handicapped by its lack of brain-power. In Man alone is the hand perfectly co-ordinated with the brain. A baby uses his hand very like a monkey, but, as the brain develops quickly, he is soon able to make it do his will. The fin has become Man's hand—strong, and performing the most delicate task with ease and skill.



## COLONEL LAWRENCE—LETTER-WRITER.

"THE LETTERS OF T. E. LAWRENCE OF ARABIA": Edited by DAVID GARNETT.\*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

BOOKS about Lawrence of Arabia have been coming out ever since the war. It was natural that when the war was freshly in memory—it was the external events of his Arabian career on which attention centred—he was made a sort of schoolboy's hero. But since his death, his friends have been able to speak about him intimately, and the real Lawrence is still more thoroughly unveiled now that a large volume of his letters has been published. His biographers of the future (and there will be many of them) will have a much more complicated Lawrence to deal with than those who did not know him could have guessed.

The first thing that strikes one about this book is the variety of people with whom Lawrence was on easy terms. His hundreds of correspondents included not only the soldiers and the statesmen, but the poets and the painters, and he was in so close a relation with them that he was able to write the sort of letters "which tell you about the other person."

It is clear throughout that the one person of whom he had heard quite enough was Colonel Lawrence of Arabia. This was evident in his enlistments as a private under false names. Many people thought this arose from a passion for mystification. This was not so; he wanted to get rid of a past which was an Old Man of the Sea, and return to the simple pleasures of work and the enjoyment of literature. We find "Aircraftman Shaw" writing from Karachi to Colonel Isham. After congratulating him on acquiring the Boswell papers from Malahide, he proceeds: "This

'life' of me is to appear this winter—by Robert Graves, a young poet of my acquaintance, who had the kindness to ask my permission before he signed his contract. I suppose his book is fairly accurate; he referred several parts of it to me in draft. On the whole, I think I prefer lies to truth, so far as concerns myself. Still, his book will not last long. At the worst it will be a rage for a few weeks or months, like 'Revolt'; and then, a year or so later,

and in particular a passion for the colour of words and form. Mr. Belloc's "Wine" poem came to him, and at once he has something to say about it: "The Belloc gave me some fun. I was sorry he had not pulled it together and shaped it into one tight poem before printing it: and as a water-drinker I incline to smile a little at these wine-palates. They deprive themselves of the faculty of judging between waters, by coarsening their throats with fermented drinks—

and that is a loss to their tastes. But H. B. writes with such bragging ferocity that I love him. What a man! I wish I felt as strongly about something." Or again, when telling Sir Ronald Storrs that some articles of his were too "chosen" for a newspaper, but would be charming in a book, he adds: "The same stuff that would pass muster between covers looks bloodless between ruled lines on a huge page. Journalistic writing is all blood and bones, not for cheapness' sake, but because unnatural emphasis is called for. It's like architectural sculpture which has to be louder than indoor works of art." Again, take this for a reflection: "Irishmen are disappointing men. They go so far, magnificently, and cease to grow. They bring forth more promise and less fruition than the rest of the English world massed against them. Give me the man whose first book is not marvellous, whose second is better, and whose third is different. Greatness in writing is a tree with many branches. You do not see it till the tree is old." And, again: "It is no remedy or consolation for my lack of style to point to Dostoevsky in the same dock: it's partly why people prefer to read him in the English version. 'War and Peace' I thought decently written on the whole. Of course not a miracle of style like 'Salamambo' or the 'Moralités Légendaires': or like Doughty, 'Eothen,' and 'Idle Days in

Patagonia.' If mine had been simple stuff, it wouldn't have mattered. It could have gone into the Hakluyt category as a good yarn: but it's elaborate and self-conscious: ambitious if you like: and that makes failure a discredit." These extracts are typical of the central Lawrence who would have



LAWRENCE OF ARABIA AS A BOY (LEFT); WITH HIS BROTHERS, BOB, FRANK AND WILL.

Lawrence's father was of the Anglo-Irish landed gentry; his mother partly Highland Scottish. They had five sons, of whom the second, Thomas Edward (always called Ned by his family), was born at Tremadoc, in Wales, on August 16, 1888. Neither Bob, Ned, nor Will took any interest in organised games; though Frank, the fourth brother, excelled at them. T. E. Lawrence was always interested in archaeology from his schoolboy days.

I can get home." He sent the editor of a daily a cutting about himself, bluntly annotated. "There is a glamour attached to the name of Colonel T. E. Lawrence, 'the uncrowned King of Arabia,' which many ambitious men must envy." To this he comments: "Let 'em have it." At Karachi it was stated that he would go out with a packet of cigarettes and chat with the villagers and "join in their profound Eastern meditations." For one thing, he observed, he had never smoked; he also knew "not one word of any Indian language; but I suppose they talk English: if there is a village. I haven't seen one."

The letters, of which there are nearly six hundred, date from his eighteenth year until the day of his death. There is a substantial section dealing with his pre-war digging period; then, naturally, we come to a section dominated by war and politics; but the great bulk of the letters belong to the post-war period, and cover an extraordinary range of interests. They are so crowded with accounts of his daily life, thoughts, and reading that they are really the equivalent to a diary, and a very exciting, amusing and well-written one. Lawrence was several men, but I believe in his heart he knew that what he would most like to excel at was writing. The trouble is that he never could convince himself that his writing was good enough. His passion for perfection comes out constantly in the little criticisms which are scattered all over these pages. He had an acute critical faculty,



LAWRENCE (LEFT) AS A BRITISH OFFICER IN EGYPT DURING THE WAR: A SHORT FIGURE, WHEN COMPARED WITH HIS FRIEND DR. D. G. HOGARTH, THEN AN R.N.V.R. COMMANDER; AND COLONEL ALAN DAWNAY.

Sir Henry McMahon, High Commissioner in Egypt, collected a group of travellers, archaeologists and political officers, and transformed them into the "Arab Bureau," in February 1916, under the direction of Dr. Hogarth, the celebrated archaeologist, and Lawrence's great friend, who, by one of the war's strange metamorphoses, had come to bear the stripes of a commander in the R.N.V.R. Colonel Alan Dawnay was head of the later formed Hejaz Operations Staff. Lawrence wrote of him, "Dawnay was Allenby's greatest gift to us—greater than thousands of baggage camels."

Lowell Thomas book comes as a surprise to me; I'd imagined he'd finished with my war reputation. However, he will not sell much of it. Another

\* "The Letters of T. E. Lawrence of Arabia." Edited by David Garnett. (Jonathan Cape; 25s.)



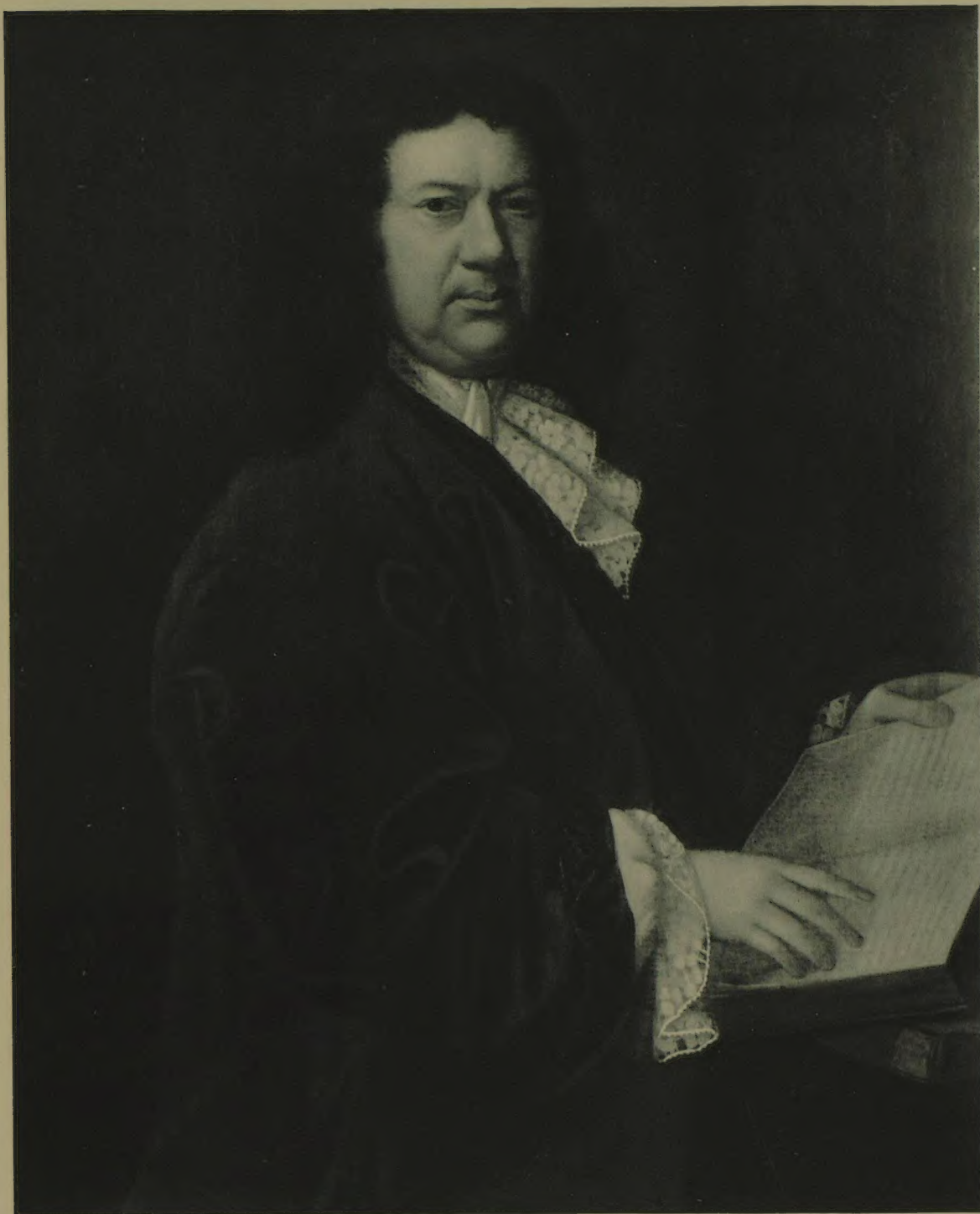
T. E. LAWRENCE IN THE R.A.F., WHICH HE JOINED AFTER THE WAR, IT HAS BEEN SUGGESTED, BECAUSE HE FELT IT WAS THE NEAREST MODERN EQUIVALENT TO A MONASTERY IN THE MIDDLE AGES: IN BARRACKS AT KARACHI, IN 1927.

Reproductions from "Letters of T. E. Lawrence . . ." by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Jonathan Cape.

dug and written and had rooms in Oxford had there been no war. It is an extraordinary thing to realise what a difference was made to his life and renown by his being in a particular place at a particular time, and being also that strange abnormality, a poet with a genius for generalship and a prodigious physical toughness. Towards the end there are evidences that he was tired: and no wonder. Whether he could have lived for years in his country cottage doing nothing we now shall never know. But, politically and otherwise, he has left enough monuments behind him for a man of eighty.



## A NEW PEPYS PORTRAIT COMPARED WITH ESTABLISHED PAINTINGS OF HIM.



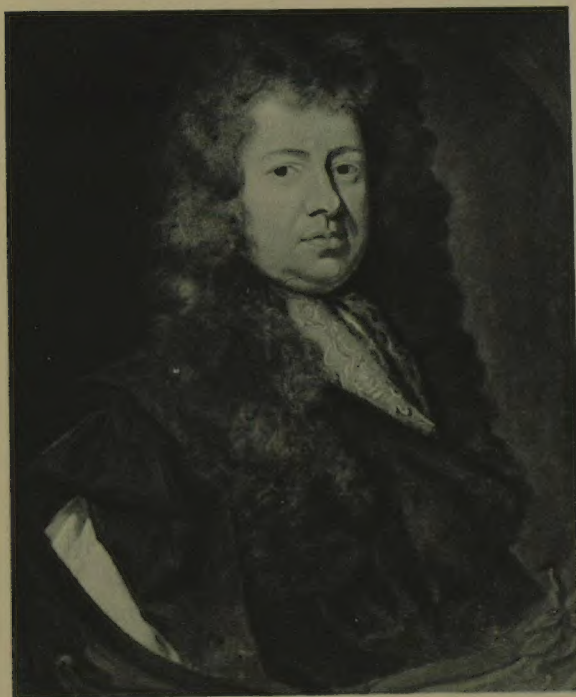
A PORTRAIT THAT HAS BEEN IDENTIFIED AS THAT OF SAMUEL PEPYS: THE NEWLY DISCOVERED WORK BY KNELLER, SHOWING A MAN OF FAIRLY ADVANCED AGE; AND MOST INTERESTING AS A CHARACTER-STUDY OF THE DIARIST.  
(Reproduced by Courtesy of Messrs. Sotheby's.)



FOR COMPARISON WITH THE NEWLY DISCOVERED PEPYS: A PORTRAIT DATED 1660 (WHEN PEPYS WAS 27) BY LELY, OR J. HUYSMANS; AT MAGDALENE COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.  
(Reproduced by Courtesy of the College authorities.)



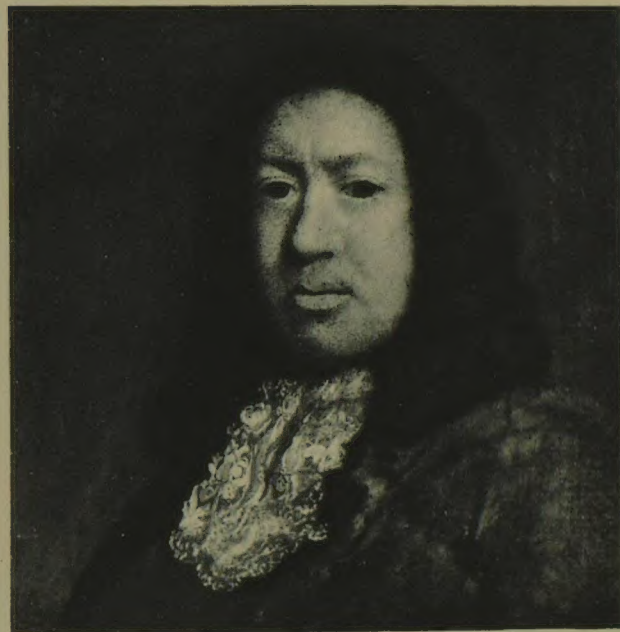
PEPYS AS AN OLDER MAN: A FINE IVORY MEDALLION BY CAVALIER, DATED 1688, PEPYS BEING THEN FIFTY-FIVE.  
(Reproduced by Courtesy of the Worshipful Company of Clothworkers.)



PAINTED BY THE SAME ARTIST AS THE NEWLY DISCOVERED PORTRAIT: PEPYS AGED ABOUT FIFTY-FOUR, BY KNELLER; PRESERVED AT MAGDALENE COLLEGE.  
(Reproduced by Courtesy of the College authorities.)



A PORTRAIT BY SAVILL WHICH OFFERS A VERY INTERESTING COMPARISON WITH THE NEWLY DISCOVERED KNELLER: A SMALL WORK, ALSO AT MAGDALENE.  
(Reproduced by Courtesy of the College authorities.)



AFFORDING PROBABLY THE CLOSEST COMPARISON OF ALL WITH THE NEWLY DISCOVERED PORTRAIT: A STUDY OF PEPYS, EVIDENTLY IN LATER YEARS; BY JOHN RILEY.  
(Reproduced by Courtesy of the Director, the National Portrait Gallery.)

Great interest has been aroused by what is widely regarded as a new portrait of Samuel Pepys. A powerful work by Kneller, it gives an interesting character-study of a man whose inner life is so widely known to posterity. The discovery was made when the Badminton Club decided to send to Sotheby's a batch of pictures, chiefly of coaching scenes, and a few old portraits, among which was one of an "unknown gentleman." This fine portrait was bought for the Master and Fellows of Magdalene College, Cambridge. Magdalene was, of course, Pepys' own college,

and the Pepysian library there already possesses a Pepys portrait by Sir Peter Lely; while a Kneller portrait which provides a striking comparison with the new painting is also preserved there. This Kneller, however, shows Pepys in middle age, whereas the newly discovered Kneller evidently depicts a somewhat older man. In addition, the newly discovered painting shows the sitter holding a book, which does not appear in any other of the Pepys portraits reproduced on this page. The medallion by Cavalier gives a particularly good idea of the "structure" of Pepys' features.



# POLAROID—AN EPOCH-MAKING OPTICAL INVENTION: THE WONDERFUL MATERIAL THAT "CONDITIONS" LIGHT BY POLARIZING IT, IMPROVING VISION AND PHOTOGRAPHY.

The problem of producing a light-polarizing substance capable of wide commercial application has been solved in America by a brilliant young inventor, Mr. Edwin H. Land, with his material named "Polaroid," which utilises minute dichroic crystals. Polaroid polarizes all light passing through it, thereby cutting out glare and, as it were, "accommodating" the light to the human eye and the camera-lens, so that they are enabled to see with greatly enhanced clarity. The manifold commercial uses to which Polaroid is being put are described in some extracts based on an article in "Fortune," our American contemporary, printed below. A colour reproduction on page 1155 of this issue shows the striking colour-effects that can be obtained with Polaroid.

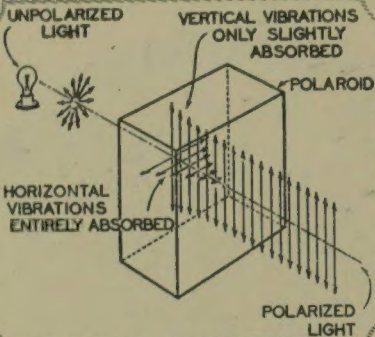
To explain the action of Polaroid in polarizing light it must be remembered that normal light comes to the eye chaotically from all directions, and that in giving it direction Polaroid is improving human sight—specifically by eliminating glare and thus intensifying detail. A reference to the accompanying diagram will show how polarization comes about. With Polaroid, man is in reality conditioning light, and may come to speak of "light conditioning," just as he now speaks of air conditioning.

The progress of light conditioning will almost inevitably be faster than that of air conditioning, because Polaroid, while expensive in comparison with glass, involves no big investment. It has now been on the market only three years. But already people are wearing it in sun-glasses, researching with it in microscopes, telescopes, and other optical instruments, reading by it in lamps, using it in advertising colour displays, taking pictures with it in cameras, and looking through it in binoculars. Children play with it in educational toys. It has—experimentally—produced coloured movies for it, because it is capable of eliminating headlight glare completely and for ever.

In appearance Polaroid is a very ordinary substance. It is a flexible, transparent

sheet, averaging three-thousandths of an inch in thickness, which looks and handles like transparent cellulose tissue, but is darker. The sheet itself is a colloidal suspension of needle-like crystals, several thousand billion to the square inch and all lying parallel. The crystals are so tiny and so closely packed in the matrix that the structure of the sheet cannot be seen except under polarized light and magnified 1100 times by a microscope. It is in the form of this thin sheet that Polaroid comes out of the processing machine. For the protection of the fragile crystals, Polaroid is regularly sold laminated, or sandwiched in between two sheets of safety film or two sheets of glass.

But if the appearance of this new substance is commonplace, not so the world that it reveals. When you look at a few colourless sheets of cellulose tissue between two sheets of Polaroid



HOW POLAROID WORKS: A DIAGRAM SHOWING A SINGLE POLAROID CRYSTAL PENETRATED BY RAYS OF UNPOLARIZED LIGHT, VIBRATING CONFUSELY IN DIFFERENT PLANES; AND HOW THE CRYSTAL "ORGANISES" THE LIGHT, AND ONLY PERMITS RAYS VIBRATING IN ONE PLANE (IN THIS CASE THE VERTICAL) TO PASS.



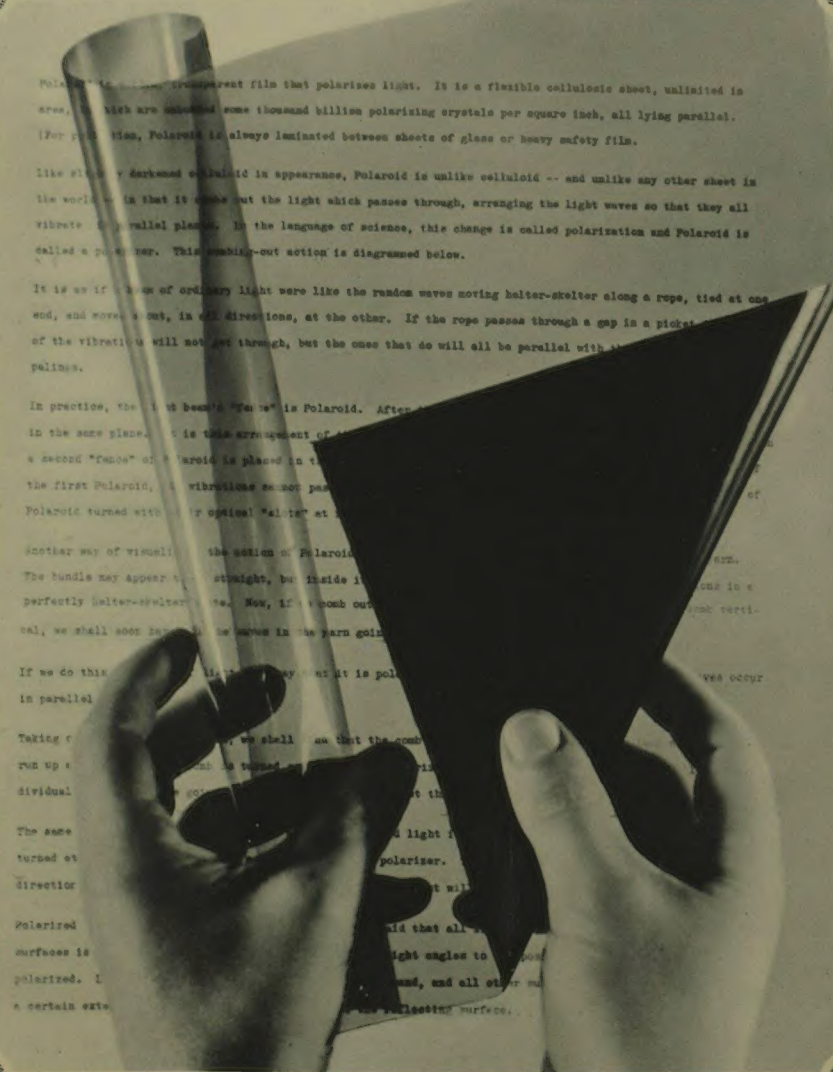
A USEFUL EVERYDAY APPLICATION OF POLAROID: A MAGAZINE VIEWED IN THE LIGHT OF AN ORDINARY LAMP (ABOVE), WITH THE ILLUSTRATIONS OBSCURED BY SURFACE GLARE FROM THE PAPER; AND (BELOW) THE SAME MAGAZINE, IN THE LIGHT OF A LAMP WITH A POLAROID SCREEN, WHEN ALL GLARE IS ELIMINATED AND THE PICTURES STAND OUT PLAINLY.

you see the fantastic brilliance of the photograph reproduced on page 1155 mathematically perfect with its colour complementaries. If you examine a bottle through Polaroid, rainbow-coloured stripes reveal the places where the glass has been improperly annealed. If you slip Polaroid into a microscope a pure white slide of caffeine crystals will flower into a jungle landscape that might have been painted by Henri Rousseau. Polarized light is one of the few mediums through which films a mere molecule in thickness can be seen. It enables jewellers almost invariably to tell real from artificial gems. It shows defects in silk stockings or sausage casings. It has produced three-dimensional X-rays, and the inventor is now trying to adapt it to the fluoroscope in such a way that doctors may ultimately be able to look into the human body and see in its depths the heart or any other organ at work. You have never really seen the back of your own hand until you have looked at it under polarized light: then it is as if you had stripped off a glove; a shiny film of reflected light is peeled away, and your hand not only changes in colour and texture, but the flesh shows up mountains and valleys and contours you never suspected were there. But for the layman perhaps one of the most interesting applications of Polaroid is its use on the water. Because it eliminates surface glare, it enables the eye to see into water much more deeply than normally. A camera equipped with Polaroid can photograph a submerged submarine. And many deep-sea fishermen who find sun-glasses necessary prefer polarized glasses, because they disclose the fish rising for the bait just before the strike.

To eliminate headlight glare, Polaroid has two systems that have proved that they will work under road conditions. Both require sheets of Polaroid at three points in every car: one sheet in front of the driver's eyes, like a visor, another in each headlight. The first system consists in setting the "slots" of the Polaroid crystals, which admit the polarized "ribbons" of light, parallel in both the visor and headlights of every car, on a forty-five-degree diagonal line, from upper left to lower right as you face the car. According to this principle, each driver can then see the light from his own headlights because the ribbons of light sent out through the first sheet of Polaroid which is in the headlights are reflected back undiminished through the parallel slots in the second sheet which is in the visor. Now the orientation of the slots being identical in all cars, when a car is turned around and meets another on the road, the diagonal slots in the headlights and visor of one must cross at right angles the headlight and visor slots in the other. And when this happens you get a startling surprise. Instead of being blinded by the glare of approaching headlights, your eyes see only two luminous purple discs, flat as a couple of plates and not projecting any beams. And behind these you can actually make out the detail of the car's hood and fenders. Glare has vanished.

This system, which is plane polarization of light, works perfectly on a flat road surface. But on high-crowned roads, where the outside wheels drop toward the ditch, the ribbons make a wider angle, like a fan opening out, and the light begins to grow dazzling again.

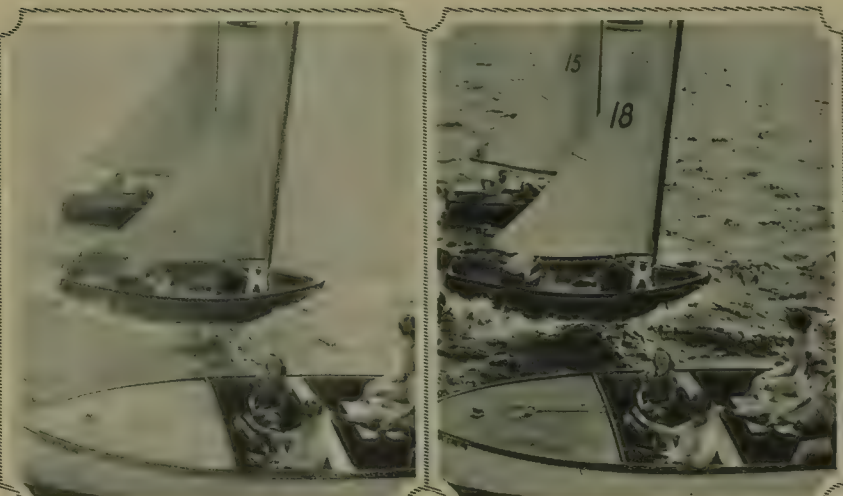
Polaroid, therefore, has devised a second system that is independent of angles and does not require the 45 degrees orientation. In this system the ribbons of light move in a different way. Instead of coming out of the headlights in straight lines, or planes, they spin like a corkscrew. This is called circular-type polarization. Each sheet of Polaroid, in this system, is covered with a plastic layer which sets the ribbons of polarized light spinning as they are projected through it. The Polaroid of the visor in the other car also has a plastic layer. This catches the spinning ribbons just as a nut catches the thread of a bolt and stops the spin; the ribbons are thus plane-polarized again, and the Polaroid on the other side of the plastic layer can either transmit or block them in accordance with the principle of the first system.



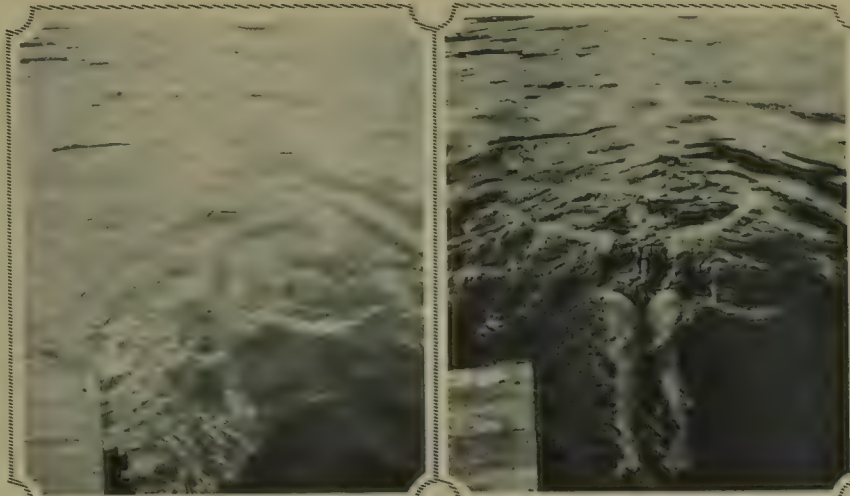
A SIMPLE ILLUSTRATION OF A CHARACTERISTIC PROPERTY OF POLAROID: A SHEET OF THE MATERIAL HELD OVER A TYPESCRIPT PAGE, APPEARING QUITE TRANSPARENT EXCEPT WHERE TWO THICKNESSES LIE AT RIGHT ANGLES, WHEN THEY HAVE THE EFFECT OF COMPLETELY EXCLUDING ALL LIGHT.



## GLARE AND HEADLIGHT DAZZLE ELIMINATED BY A NEW LIGHT POLARIZER.



A REMARKABLE PROOF OF THE EFFECTIVENESS OF POLAROID IN ELIMINATING GLARE AND GIVING CLARITY IN PHOTOGRAPHY: TWO PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE SAME YACHTING SCENE (TAKEN ALMOST FACING THE SUN), THAT ON THE LEFT RENDERED INDISTINCT BY THE GLARE OFF THE WATER; THAT ON THE RIGHT, TAKEN WITH A POLAROID FILTER, CLEAR DOWN TO THE MOST MINUTE DETAILS.

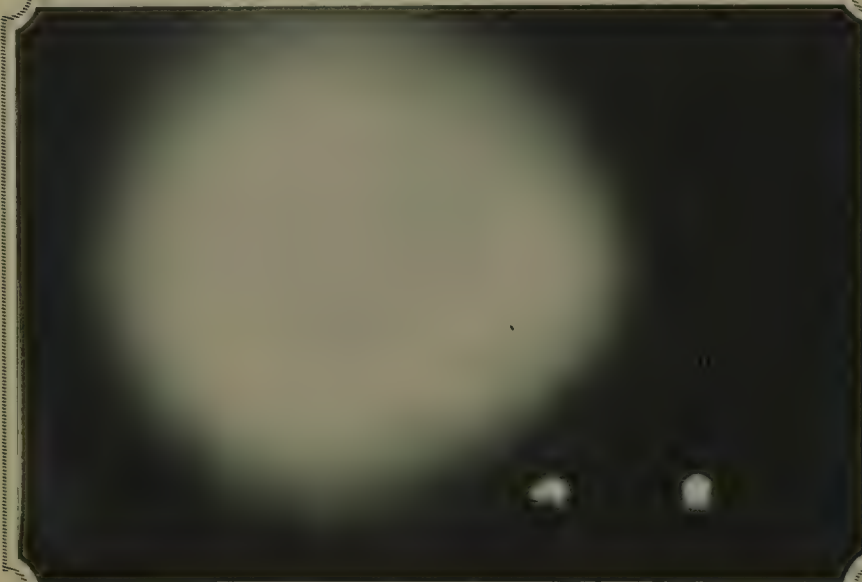


ANOTHER PRACTICAL APPLICATION OF POLAROID, WHICH, BY ELIMINATING SURFACE-GLARE, MAKES IT POSSIBLE TO SEE UNDER-WATER OBJECTS CLEARLY: TWO PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN SIMULTANEOUSLY WITH A DOUBLE CAMERA, OF WHICH ONLY THAT ON THE RIGHT, FOR WHICH A POLAROID FILTER WAS USED, REVEALS THE SUBMERGED SWIMMER.

ON this page are illustrated some everyday-life applications of Polaroid. Its adaptation to photography (in the shape of anti-glare filters) was one of the first commercial uses to be developed. Obviously its glare-diminishing qualities make it also highly suitable for sun-glasses. The wearer of Polaroid glasses is also able to see under-water objects with greatly enhanced clarity. A camera equipped with Polaroid can even photograph a submerged submarine—a use of Polaroid with obvious naval applications. In addition, it may well be that Polaroid goggles will become an essential part of the equipment of anti-aircraft gun crews, particularly in cases where dive-bombers, seeking to attack with the sun behind them, have to be combated by opponents aiming into the sun. But the advantage of Polaroid that will most interest the man in the street is the diminishing of headlight glare, and the consequent reduction in the dangers of night driving. The ways in which this could be brought about by Polaroid which is, of course, a patent product, are described in full on the opposite page. The photographs seen on these pages are reproduced by courtesy of the Polaroid Corporation of Boston, and of Polarising Materials Ltd., 36, Victoria St., London, S.W.1, the British firm which is developing Polaroid in England and Europe.



WHAT POLAROID LOOKS LIKE: STRIPS OF THE MATERIAL HANGING UP IN A LABORATORY, TRANSPARENT EXCEPT AT PLACES WHERE THEY CROSS AT RIGHT ANGLES, WHEN THEY ABSORB ALL LIGHT AND APPEAR BLACK.



THE APPLICATION OF POLAROID TO THE ELIMINATION OF THE DAZZLE FROM MOTOR HEADLIGHTS: LEFT, A ROADSIDE SCENE IN WHICH NOTHING IS VISIBLE BUT GLARE CAUSED BY THE HEADLIGHTS OF THE CAR FACING; AND, RIGHT, THE SAME SCENE PHOTOGRAPHED THROUGH A POLAROID FILTER, SHOWING ALL DETAILS CLEARLY, INCLUDING A PEDESTRIAN CROSSING THE ROAD.



THE PROTOTYPE OF ASSYRIAN WINGED BULLS 2000 YEARS LATER;  
AND OTHER NEWLY-FOUND SUMERIAN SCULPTURES  
FROM KHAFAJE.



1. WITHOUT THE HORNS (SHOWN RESTORED IN FIG. 3): A FRONT VIEW OF THE SCULPTURED ARM-REST SEEN IN FIG. 4. (Actual size.)



2. ONE OF THE BEARDED ANIMAL FIGURES FOUND AT KHAFAJE: A COPPER STATUETTE WITH "BEARD" ATTACHED AS ON ANIMAL HEADS FROM UR.



3. WITH THE MISSING HORNS REPLACED: THE SAME HEAD AS SHOWN IN FIG. 1 AND ALSO IN PARTIAL PROFILE IN FIG. 4. (Actual size.)

ON this and succeeding pages we conclude our series of excavations of the Sumerian site at Khafaje, in Mesopotamia, already dealt with in our two previous issues. Describing his discoveries at Khafaje, Mr. Delougaz writes: "The object seen in Fig. 4 was found inside the brickwork of the altar. . . . We assume that this was a furniture fitting—that is, the sculptured part of the arm-rest of a chair or a throne, the back part hollowed to take a wooden shaft. The small round hole served for the wooden peg, or perhaps copper nail, fixing this piece to the wood, while the rabbeted end indicates that a metal ring was used to make the fastening more secure. Fig. 1 is a front view of the same object as

[Continued opposite.



4. "EXTREMELY INTERESTING . . . FOR ITS STRIKING RESEMBLANCE TO THE HUMAN-FACED WINGED BULLS OF THE ASSYRIANS MORE THAN 2000 YEARS LATER": THE SCULPTURED ARM-REST ILLUSTRATED ALSO IN FIGS. 1 AND 3. (Slightly enlarged.)

found, while Fig. 3 shows the same after the broken horns had been restored. This object is extremely interesting, not only as a witness to the material achievements of the period . . . but especially for its striking resemblance in every detail to the human-faced winged bulls of the Assyrians more than 2000 years later. It throws some new light on the mutual influences and survival of traditions in the art of the ancient East."

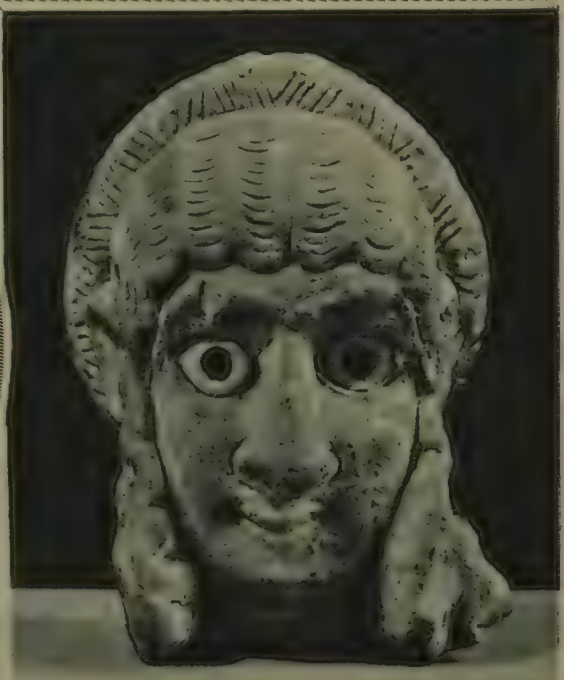
PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE JOINT  
EXPEDITION OF THE  
PENNSYLVANIA UNIVERSITY  
MUSEUM AND THE  
AMERICAN SCHOOL OF  
ORIENTAL RESEARCH.  
(SEE ALSO THE OPPOSITE  
PAGE AND PAGE 1146.)



5. FOUND, WITH THE HEAD IN FIG. 7, INSIDE AN ALTAR (SEE FIG. 14): A SMALL MALE HEAD OF UNUSUAL TYPE—PROFILE AND FRONT VIEW.



6. FOUND IN FRONT OF THE SAME ALTAR WITHIN WHICH WERE THE HEADS SHOWN IN FIGS. 5 AND 7: A FINE, HEADLESS FEMALE TORSO.



7. AN EXPRESSIVE FEMALE HEAD, WITH INLAID EYES AND ELABORATE COIFFURE: FOUND INSIDE THE BRICK ALTAR SHOWN IN FIG. 14 (PAGE 1146).



## THE BEARDED COW—INSTEAD OF BULLS—IN SUMERIAN SYMBOLISM.



THE Director of the Khafaje excavations, Mr. P. Delougaz, writes in a note on these photographs: "Some remarkable objects were found embedded in the brickwork of an elaborate altar (Fig. 15 on page 1146). The material of the kneeling cow (Figs. 8-13 on the present page) is a translucent greenish aragonite with white and yellow grains. An artificial beard is attached to the muzzle, above the nostrils, in a manner similar to that found on the animals' heads from the famous harps of the royal tombs at Ur. Those heads were commonly considered bulls' heads, while in our case the animal portrayed is a cow."



THE BEARDED COW, CARVED IN TRANSLUCENT GREENISH ARAGONITE, FOUND AT KHAFAJE, AND AKIN TO BEARDED HEADS FOUND AT UR, WHICH WERE PREVIOUSLY THOUGHT TO BE BULLS: THE FIGURE SEEN FROM VARIOUS ANGLES, THE UNDERSIDE VIEW IN FIG. 11 SHOWING CLEARLY THE ANIMAL'S UDDERS; AND FIGS. 9 AND 10 THE WAY IN WHICH THE ARTIFICIAL BEARD IS ATTACHED. (All natural size; except Figs. 12 and 13, which are slightly reduced.)



# BOOKS OF THE DAY.

By CHARLES E. BYLES.

ON this occasion the books of the day are the books of Christmas Day—books, that is, suitable by accident or design as seasonable gifts. I have handled this Christmas book crowd for a good many years now, and there is something about the present gathering that seems very friendly and companionable. There may have been better-dressed crowds in former years, with certain aristocrats flaunting in sumptuous apparel. This year the *édition de luxe* is less in evidence, but the general quality of the assemblage in its outward aspect is unpretentiously attractive.

As usual, the season's books fall roughly into two categories—those for the young and those for the not-so-young. Let us take the seniors first. For them I should be inclined to pick out as the book of the season "THE CHRISTMAS BOX." By Francis Brett Young. With 36 Illustrations by Kay Ambrose (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.). This tale of an old soldier's struggle to make a living as a greengrocer, with its Cockney humour and its atmosphere of Covent Garden, belongs to the authentic Dickensian tradition, though the old festive spirit is lacking and there is an acid edge to the sentiment. One war memory, which in these days cannot be too often recalled, is evoked when two veterans exchange reminiscences of Christmas at the front in 1914.

'Ay, Armentières. That was a rum go if ever there was one.' 'Remember how Fritz started singing *Oh, come all ye faithful* in German, and how our chaps joined in, and then one of our officers—Mr. Ombersley that was his name, come from Chaddesbourne he did.' 'Ay, he come from Chaddesbourne; that's right.' 'Went out to No-man's-land for a talk with one of their officers, and we fetched back a lot of our chaps off the German wire. A rum Christmas that was: the rummest ever I knew.' 'I should say it was. I was in the party that went over. One of the Fritzies gave me a sausage and a cigar.' He was the only ruddy German I ever got that close. Spoke English as well as me or you. Old Fritz wasn't such a bad chap when you come to think on it.' 'He was a ruddy good fighter, Tubby. I'll give him that, anyway.'

Another book for which I prophesy a vast popularity is "BIRDS AND BEASTS IN AFRICA." Depicted by the Chief Scout, Lord Baden-Powell. With 8 Coloured Illustrations and numerous Line Drawings (Macmillan; 4s. 6d.). "B.P.", as we used to call him in the old Mafeking days, is disclosed in the first chapter enjoying fresh strawberries and cream on Christmas Day in Kenya, where, he tells us, he had been "dumped by the doctors" after an illness, "with orders to 'stay put' for a couple of months." He is as full of good yarns as ever, and both text and pictures are rich in his characteristic humour. Now hear the Chief Scout on the ethics of hunting: "I have in my time hunted big game—and more especially wild boar, dangerous fellows who did great damage to the farmer's crops. But I never could bring myself to shoot an elephant. I felt it was an impertinence for a puny little creature like me to bring death to such a magnificent great beast, full of dignity and sense, and who, in his prime, is three or four times older than oneself. I have stalked him for the pleasure of looking at him, and if possible to photograph him. After all, it is much better sport and more satisfactory all round to stalk animals and 'shoot' them with the camera rather than with the gun. . . . Isn't it time that we were all friends of animals rather than enemies, though not necessarily ready to play golf with a rhino? . . . It is rather a disgrace to us British that there should have to be a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals."

Of books about animals and nature generally, the name is legion. At their head comes the work of a master—"THY SERVANT A DOG"—AND OTHER STORIES. By Rudyard Kipling. Illustrated by G. L. Stampa (Macmillan; 7s. 6d.). This collection includes the delightful poem, "The Supplication of the Black Aberdeen," and a story not hitherto given in book form—namely, "Teem": A Treasure-Hunter—which appeared in a magazine shortly before the author's death. In making his characters talk among themselves, Kipling devised a sort of doggy

language which is very effective for purposes of fiction. Such devices, however, do but express dimly in human terms how dogs and other creatures communicate with each other. The subject is studied scientifically in a remarkable work (from which we gave some illustrations in our issue of Dec. 3) entitled "ANIMAL LANGUAGE." Described by Julian Huxley. Recorded by Ludwig Koch and the Parlophone Co. With 14 photographs by Ylla and 2 gramophone discs with records on both sides of the voices of numerous wild animals. (Country Life; 21s.). The volume is put forth as "the first mammal sound book in the English language." The photographs, showing the various creatures in the act of giving utterance, were taken at the Zoo, Whipsnade and Paris.

to botany amid classical surroundings in "WILD FLOWERS OF ATTICA." By the late Shirley Clifford Atchley. With 21 Coloured Plates by W. O. Everett (Oxford: Clarendon Press and Sir Humphrey Milford; 25s.). Two other very attractive volumes are both concerned with matters equestrian. One is "HORSES AND PONIES." A Book of Sketches by Lionel Edwards, R.I. With Coloured Frontispiece and numerous Line Drawings (Country Life; 21s.). The other is "THE WORLD OF HORSES." Edited by W. E. Lyon and G. H. S. Dixon. Illustrated from photographs from all over the world (Country Life; 15s.).

So much for the grown-ups. After all, however, the Christmas book market is run mainly for the children.

Let us see what it has to offer. The modern story-book for children seems to be a blend of realism and fantasy, while princes and princesses, fairies and witches, giants and dragons seldom appear except in reprints of nursery classics. In order to test the modern child's taste, I turned loose my nine-year-old granddaughter among my batch of Christmas books, numbering about fifty. She had not time for an exhaustive scrutiny, but I noticed that she picked out from the pile three stories of adventure written and illustrated by children for children—a rather significant snub for authors of riper years, as much as to say, "We can do this kind of thing better for ourselves." One of these books was "BRAMSHILL." Memoirs of Joan Penelope Cope (Constable; 7s. 6d.). Bramshill is an old Jacobean house in Hampshire, the young author's early home. It forms the background of her memories, which include descriptions of royal visitors and certain ghosts said to haunt the house. Original stories about horses, hounds, foxes, fish, and so on, rather than reminiscences, constitute "SAMBO AND SUSAN" AND OTHER TALES. Written and Illustrated by Katharine Harrison-Wallace, aged 12 years (Collins; 5s.). The author's godfather, the Duke of Atholl, contributes a Foreword in which he writes: "The following pages were

written and illustrated by my 12-year-old goddaughter without any extraneous aid. . . . Her godfather hopes that as her age increases she may be able to live up to the high standard of morals which she has so ably championed in these pages." Some pages are left blank at the end of this book, for children to write and illustrate stories of their own, and the publishers offer a prize for the best sent in by March 31 by a child of fifteen or under. Yet a third book by a young author, and in some ways the most remarkable of the three, is "PLAIN JANE." The Story of a Shetland Island Pony. Written and illustrated by Mary Colville, aged 13 (Collins; 6s.). In this story the author has identified herself with the pony whose autobiography she writes—a very difficult feat. Two other horsey stories which, though not entered for the infant prodigy stakes, will appeal strongly to young readers who are also riders, come next. One is "BRED IN THE BONE." By Shirley Faulkner-Horne. With Illustrations by Peter Biegel. Foreword by Captain J. E. Hance (Witherby; 6s.). The other is "ON'Y TONY AND THE DRAGON." By Brenda Elizabeth Spender. Illustrated by Barbara Turner (Country Life; 3s. 6d.).

Every now and then some new nursery personage or figure of fun springs into fame and initiates a perennial saga. This year, for example, a favourite of many years' standing reappears amid fresh surroundings and adventures in "BABAR AT HOME." By Jean de Brunhoff (Methuen; 7s. 6d.). Very possibly we are witnessing the birth of a new nursery saga of this type in "THE STORY OF POM-POM": A Little Poodle. By Graham Shepard. Illustrated in Colour and Line (Lane; 3s. 6d.). Pom-Pom the Poodle starts his career with a fine alliterative sound that may carry him far, and one can visualise a long series of sequels. The author is his own illustrator and, as the son of a famous *Punch* artist, he carries on worthily a high tradition of humour, both pictorially and through the written word. Mr. Compton Mackenzie happily defined the qualities of the modern nursery tale in his Foreword to "PLIMPLIMPLIMS": The Life and Adventures of a Jack-in-the-Box. By Julius Berstl. With scissor-cut illustrations by Wilgart Hofheinz (Lane; 5s.). "How far

(Continued on page 1178.)



14. WHERE SUMERIAN SCULPTURES ABOUT 5000 YEARS OLD WERE DISCOVERED: A SHRINE, WITH AN ALTAR AND PAVEMENT, RECENTLY EXCAVATED AT KHAFAJE, MESOPOTAMIA.



15. A STRUCTURE WHICH CONTAINED SOME OF THE SUMERIAN SCULPTURES: THE ALTAR OF THE THIRD SHRINE AT KHAFAJE—AS IT WAS BEFORE CLEANING.

These photographs, with those on the preceding pages, conclude the series given in our issues of December 3 and 10, illustrating fresh discoveries made at Khafaje, Mesopotamia, by the expedition under Mr. P. Delougaz. "Fig. 14 [Mr. Delougaz writes] shows part of the second shrine with its altar. The workman on the left points with his knife at the female head (Fig. 7) which was found inside the brickwork of this altar, together with the small male head of unusual type shown in Fig. 5. The exceptionally fine female torso shown in Fig. 6 was found in front of the same altar, together with a male statue. Both were badly damaged by a fire, which seems to have been purposely lit about them. The white patches seen on the photograph are the traces of this burning. The third shrine of this temple also yielded some remarkable objects. These were found embedded in the brickwork of an elaborate altar. (Fig. 15 on this page.)"

Photographs by the Joint Expedition of the Pennsylvania University Museum and the American School of Oriental Research (see the preceding pages in this number).

Knowing what battalions of books for young folks are coming along in this Christmas parade, I can only mention very briefly several other works about Natural History of interest to their elders. Zoology is represented by some beautiful coloured reproductions of marine creatures in "LIFE OF THE OCEAN" (FISHES, ETC.). With 12 Colour-Plates, painted from Nature by Paul A. Robert. With an Introduction by E. G. Boulenger (Batsford; 7s. 6d.). Zoology gives place



# THE TERCENTENARY OF "LE ROI SOLEIL": AN EXHIBITION OF TAPESTRIES.



"LOUIS XIV. VISITING THE GOBELINS MANUFACTORY (OCT. 15, 1667)": ONE OF THE SERIES OF FOURTEEN TAPESTRIES DEPICTING SCENES FROM THE REIGN OF "LE ROI SOLEIL," EXECUTED AT THE GOBELINS MANUFACTORY FROM CARTOONS BY LE BRUN, DURING THE SECOND HALF OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.



A TAPESTRY IN WHICH VELASQUEZ IS DEPICTED (ON EXTREME RIGHT): "THE MEETING OF LOUIS XIV. AND PHILIP IV. ON THE ÎLE DES FAISANS (JUNE 6, 1660)."



DETAIL FROM "LOUIS XIV. VISITING THE GOBELINS MANUFACTORY": LE BRUN SHOWING NUMEROUS *OBJETS D'ART* TO THE KING, WHO IS ACCOMPANIED BY THE DUC D'ORLÉANS, THE PRINCE DE CONDÉ, AND THE DUC D'ENGHEN AND COLBERT.

A number of important celebrations have taken place in Paris this year to commemorate the tercentenary of Louis XIV., "Le Roi Soleil," who was born 300 years ago at the château of Saint-Germain-en-Laye. He reigned for seventy-two years (1643-1715). The first of these celebrations took the form of an exhibition at the Musée des Gobelins, which has continued throughout the year. It has as theme the work of Le Brun, and is the first of a series of exhibitions of considerable artistic and educative interest. The spacious first-floor rooms are hung with many magnificent tapestries executed from cartoons by that seventeenth-century master, principal among which are "The History of Alexander," "The Months," or "The Royal Houses," and "The History of the King." The remarkable series of fourteen tapestries depicting scenes from the reign of Louis XIV. are interwoven with heavy gold thread and were executed at the Gobelins manufactory during the second half of the seventeenth century. These are among the most treasured of the tapestries in the National Museum and testify to the great talent and authority of Le Brun, Premier Peintre du Roi, who, in 1663, was nominated administrator of the royal manufactory. The two outstanding examples of the seven exhibited from this famous series are: "The Legate Received in Audience (July 29, 1664)," and "The King Visiting the Gobelins Manufactory (October 15, 1667)." Several prominent specimens from foreign sources are also shown on the ground floor. Among the most interesting, and rarest, of these are four very fine Mortlake tapestries which the Musée des Gobelins greatly value. It is regrettable that this excellent English manufactory only lasted for about eighty years. It was founded by James I. (about 1619), who invited some of the Flemish tapestry-workers to experiment in a manufactory at Mortlake, in Surrey, under the direction of Francis Crane. Charles, Prince of Wales, was also interested in the scheme, and when he came to the throne he placed it under his royal patronage. During



A TAPESTRY EXECUTED AT THE ENGLISH MANUFACTORY AT MORTLAKE FROM CARTOONS BY RAPHAEL WHICH WERE PURCHASED IN BRUSSELS BY CHARLES I., IN 1630, ON THE ADVICE OF RUBENS, AND ARE NOW IN THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM: "THE MISSION OF SAINT PETER."



"CARDINAL CHIGI RECEIVED IN AUDIENCE BY LOUIS XIV. (JULY 29, 1664)": A TAPESTRY, EXECUTED AT THE GOBELINS MANUFACTORY FROM CARTOONS BY LE BRUN, SHOWING THE CARDINAL, LEGATE *À LATÈRE*, AT FONTAINEBLEAU SEATED OPPOSITE THE KING READING THE BRIEF FROM POPE ALEXANDER VII.

this period, the Mortlake tapestries attained a marked degree of perfection. Eleven years later, Francis Crane went to Paris and, unfortunately, died there from the effects of an operation. About 1640 there were as many as 140 tapestry-workers active at Mortlake, and they attempted to carry on with the encouragement of the King, but the manufactory's real animator had disappeared, and this fact, together with the political troubles of the middle seventeenth century, caused the manufactory to slowly cease its creative activity and, about 1688, it came to an end. "The Mission of St. Peter," from the series of "The Acts of the Apostles," is an exceptional example woven at Mortlake (c. 1630-1635) from cartoons by Raphael. These cartoons were bought in Brussels, in 1630, by Charles I., on the advice of Rubens, to serve as models for tapestries to be executed at his royal manufactory. They were dispersed with the rest of the King's collection and were eventually acquired by Cromwell for £300. On his death the cartoons were returned to the Crown and can to-day be seen in the Victoria and Albert Museum. This richly gold-threaded masterpiece of English tapestry-work, which is in excellent condition, was bought by Cardinal Mazarin, who bequeathed it to Louis XIV.



## THE ENGLISH STUDIO OF THE VAN DE VELDES: IN THE QUEEN'S HOUSE AT GREENWICH.

By Professor Sir Geoffrey Callender, M.A., F.S.A., F.R.Hist.S., A.I.N.A., Director of the National Maritime Museum.

IN the choice of a room in which to exhibit an extremely interesting Loan Collection of maritime paintings in the Queen's House at Greenwich, the decision of the Trustees of the National Maritime Museum has been dictated as much by historical as by aesthetic considerations,

which have felicitously combined to suggest only one conclusion; for the room in which this superb collection of paintings is on view to the public is not only, with its panelled walls and charming view of Greenwich Park and the Observatory, one of the most attractive in the whole house, it is also connected by personal ties with the names of the two most eminent marine artists who ever worked in England—at least, until the time of J. M. W. Turner.

During the period of the Commonwealth and Protectorate, the Queen's House, although it enjoyed the honour of receiving the bodies of Robert Blake and Richard Deane, Generals-at-Sea, to lie in state in its Great Hall, suffered an eclipse, in so far as the majority of the works of art which had adorned it during the reign of Charles I. had been sold or dispersed. But at the Restoration, Greenwich was again chosen as a royal abode, and in 1661 John Webb, Inigo Jones's pupil, was employed to make additions to his master's work, to prepare the Queen's House as a residence for the Dowager Queen Henrietta Maria, until Denmark House should be ready for her reception. In the following July the Queen came into residence, and remained for a second period at Greenwich. After her departure, the days of the Queen's House as a royal villa were—except for the short period from 1730 to 1736, when it was occupied by Queen Caroline—closed. It still, however, remained royal property, and in 1670 it came into the possession of Catherine of Braganza, Charles II.'s Queen, who was granted the Manor of Greenwich in that year. The accounts of the Clerk of the Works from the time of Webb's great alterations to the accession of William III. are concerned for the most part with repairs and impermanent alterations of interest only to the close student of architecture. But among the payments noted during the period by the Clerk of the Works for the maintenance of the house, one, dated March 1675, is of paramount importance. The entry records that charges are made for three pairs of deal shutters for three windows "in a lower room at the Queens buildings next the parke (where the Dutch painters worke)." There can be no doubt whatever that "the Dutch painters" here referred to are identical with the Elder (1610-1693) and the Younger (1633-1707) Willem Van de Velde.

Some time during 1673, the elder Van de Velde migrated with his son to England, impelled apparently by financial difficulties and domestic strife. The fact of this migration in 1673 (and not, as is generally thought, in 1675) is attested by adequate documentary and artistic evidence, among the latter being the younger Van de Velde's painting of "Dutch Yachts in a Breeze," dated "Londen, 1673," in the present Loan Collection. The financial difficulties must

and the like salary of one hundred pounds per annum unto Willem Van de Velde the younger for putting the said draughts into colours for our particular use."

Although the phraseology of the document in the Public Record Office implies that the Van de Veldes were already, in 1675, in occupation of the room in the Queen's House and using it as their studio, the exact date when the King first granted them lodgings at Greenwich is not certain. They are known, however, to have been still at work in the same room in 1678. Our knowledge of the latter part of the lives of the two painters is scanty; but in view of

being situated in the south-east lower room, facing the Park, corresponding to the one in which the present exhibition is arranged.

In spite, however, of the fact that in 1675 the lighting was too strong for an artist's studio, the windows were nevertheless

smaller than they are to-day: in 1708, the sills of all the ground-floor windows were lowered by the width of one course of rustication, and the present sash windows were inserted. This architectural alteration was part and parcel of a change in the domestic arrangements of the house from those of an Italian villa to those of an English residence. The downstairs rooms became living-rooms; and the logical result of the change was the removal, in 1721, of the kitchen to an independent building in the garden, by Sir John Jennings, the Governor of the Hospital, who complained of the smell of cooking. Somewhat about the same time the present panelling must have been installed. At a later date, the room was divided in two; but during the survey made by H.M. Office of Works in 1933, it was found that the original eighteenth-century windows had not suffered irreparable damage; so that all the present panelling, except that of the south, or fireplace, wall, and the cornice, is original.

To-day, then, time has avenged itself for the fate which the Queen's House has suffered during the last century and a half; and the room, formerly the studio of the Van de Veldes, after long oblivion, is again dedicated to their works, together with those of their predecessors, contemporaries, and followers in the art of marine painting. So much for the setting of the collection. A word must be said, finally, of the general importance of the exhibition, apart from the individual merit of the pictures. The National Maritime Museum is concerned to provide material for the study and illustration of all that pertains to the life and work of seamen, particularly of this country. The majority of the pictures at Greenwich, therefore, are primarily historical in subject. But the line between marine pictures as documents and marine pictures as self-existent works of art is one impossible to draw with precision. The finest works of marine art would never have come into existence save directly or medially through the lives and work of seamen; and the student of maritime affairs legitimately expects to find at Greenwich evidence for the whole development of ship-painting. Captain Bruce Ingram's generous loan greatly increases the value of the collections for the purposes of such study, and the student will be grateful for the opportunity more fully to study a subject which cannot be undertaken elsewhere in England under conditions so completely

felicitous. Besides furnishing examples of the work of such rare masters as Goderis and Sorgh, the exhibition serves to emphasise, in a way not hitherto so easily possible even at Greenwich, certain broad and important tendencies in marine art: to illustrate such subjects as the epoch-making invention in the early seventeenth century of the impressionistic sea-piece by Porcellis (represented by four signed examples) and its after-effects; to reflect the influence of Italy on the romantic seascape, as exemplified by the work of Paul Bril; or to demonstrate the inseparable connection between certain phases of English maritime art and the achievement of the Van de Veldes.



CONNECTED WITH THE TWO VAN DE VELDES, WHO WERE GRANTED LODGINGS AT GREENWICH BY KING CHARLES II.: THE QUEEN'S HOUSE, IN WHICH THE FAMOUS MARINE ARTISTS ESTABLISHED THEIR STUDIO IN A ROOM ON THE GROUND-FLOOR (seen nearest the camera).



A LOAN COLLECTION OF MARITIME PAINTINGS (INCLUDING SEVERAL VAN DE VELDES) IN AN APPROPRIATE SETTING: THE VAN DE VELDE ROOM, IN THE QUEEN'S HOUSE, GREENWICH, FROM THE SOUTH-WEST CORNER.

Reproductions, excepting Van de Velde the Younger, by Courtesy of the Trustees of the National Maritime Museum, Greenwich.



"SELF-PORTRAIT"; BY W. VAN DE VELDE THE ELDER (1610-1693): THE ARTIST'S MONOGRAM IS ON THE SKETCH-BOOK. (7 in. by 6 in.)

the fact that the younger man died at Greenwich, it is not improbable that they lived there permanently, preferring rural quiet to what would then have been considered the noise, and what would still be considered the inconveniences, of the metropolis. There is no means of reconstructing the appearance of the room at the time when the Dutch painters were in occupation. It was, however, probably not one of the finest as far as its appointments and decorations were concerned; for the economy of the Queen's House still reflected its architectural design; that is to say, only the upper floor, the *piano nobile*, was occupied by the gentle members of the household: the lower floor was given over to the domestic offices, the kitchen, for instance,



"VAN DE VELDE THE YOUNGER" (1633-1707); FROM AN ENGRAVING BY JOHN SMITH (1652-1742) AFTER A PORTRAIT BY KNELLER. (13½ by 10 in.)





THE YOUNGER VAN DE VELDE, TO WHOM A ROOM WAS ALLOTTED IN THE "QUEEN'S HOUSE," GREENWICH—THE ROOM NOW OCCUPIED BY A NEWLY HUNG COLLECTION OF SEA-PAINTINGS: A PORTRAIT BY VAN MUSSCHER.

Special interest is lent to this painting of the Younger Van de Velde at work, by the fact that the identical room allotted to him and to his father at the "Queen's House," Greenwich (now part of the National Maritime Museum), as a studio, has recently been set aside for a display of paintings by some of the greatest Dutch and English marine painters between the sixteenth and eighteenth centuries. These works are a permanent loan from a well-known collection of Marine

pictures. The details of this study are full of interest: the drawings of ships upon the floor, presumably by the master himself or his father; the artist's box of materials on the right and the various-sized palettes hung above them. The brushes in use at that time appear to be much broader and clumsier than modern ones. The painter of this study, Michiel van Musscher, was born at Rotterdam in 1645 and studied under Metsu and Adrian van Ostade. He died in 1705.

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"A CALM EVENING," BY CHARLES BROOKING (1723-1759): ONE OF THE FINE COLLECTION OF MARINE PAINTINGS RECENTLY LOANED TO THE NATIONAL MARITIME MUSEUM, GREENWICH, AND HUNG IN VAN DE VELDE'S ROOM.



"EARLY WARSHIPS, WITH A FORTRESS": A PAINTING FULL OF INTERESTING TECHNICAL DETAILS, OF THE FLEMISH SCHOOL (c.1525).

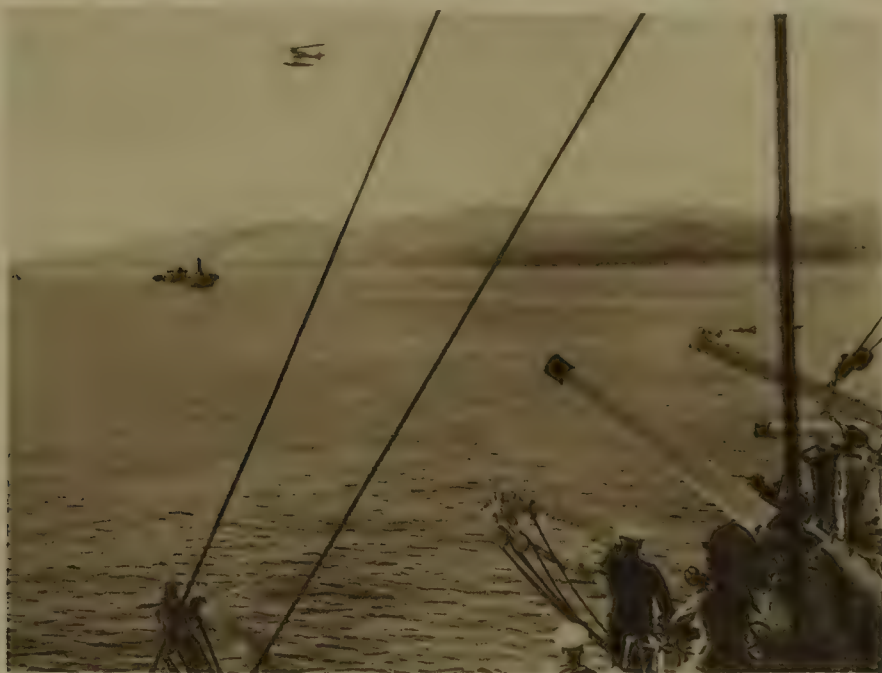
#### NOW HUNG IN VAN DE VELDE'S ROOM AT GREENWICH: 16TH AND 18TH-CENTURY SEA-PAINTINGS.

The two paintings reproduced here form part of the loan collection of Marine Art now hung in the room at the "Queen's House," Greenwich, which was once used by the Van de Veldes, father and son, as a studio. This loan collection forms a completely new addition to the treasures of Maritime Art that are to be seen at

Greenwich. Charles Brooking, painter of "A Calm Evening," perhaps the greatest of our eighteenth-century marine painters, met an untimely end at thirty-six. The other painting has been attributed to Hendrik met de Bles (c.1480-c.1550), a painter who imitated the style of Patinir, under whom he is supposed to have studied at Antwerp.



## CONCERNING THE SEA: NAVAL AND MERCANTILE OCCASIONS RECORDED.



UNDER SEA AND AIR ESCORT: A SPANISH GOVERNMENT OIL-TANKER ON HER WAY TO BARCELONA PROTECTED BY A SEAPLANE AND AN ARMED TRAWLER.

The Spanish Government oil-tanker is preceded by a Spanish armed trawler, while a seaplane circles overhead ready to report suspicious vessels—a method of convoy which provides ample safeguards against surprise. This photograph was taken from H.M.S. "Shropshire," on patrol duties off the Spanish coast, whose guns can be seen in the foreground. While on patrol, paravanes are "streamed" and anti-aircraft gun crews are at their stations as a precautionary measure. (Fox.)



UNDER REPAIR BEHIND A CANVAS SCREEN IN GIBRALTAR HARBOUR: THE SPANISH GOVERNMENT DESTROYER "JOSÉ LUIS DíEZ," DAMAGED IN A NAVAL BATTLE.

On August 27 the Spanish Government destroyer "José Luis Díez" was badly damaged in a battle with Nationalist warships in the Straits of Gibraltar. She was on her way from Le Havre, where she had been lying under repair. The destroyer succeeded in entering Gibraltar Harbour, where she has since remained, while a French firm carried out repairs. In order to prevent information reaching the Nationalists, the work is carried on behind a canvas screen. (Fox.)



A NEW CLASS OF ESCORT VESSEL FOR CONVOYING MERCHANT SHIPS: H.M.S. "EGRET" LEAVING PORTSMOUTH HARBOUR FOR HER TRIALS.

H.M.S. "Egret" represents a new class of escort vessel which is about to go into service with the Navy. She was laid down in July, 1937, and is now completing her trials. Although her displacement is only 1200 tons the "Egret" is heavily armed with eight 4-in. A.A. guns for protection against aircraft, and carries depth-charges for use against submarines. She has a speed of 19½ knots and is designed to give every protection to a convoy of merchant-ships. (Chas. Brown.)



A NEW TYPE OF VESSEL: THE MOTOR-SHIP "DOLOMITE," WHICH IS KEEL-LESS, RIBLESS AND RIVETLESS, TO BE USED FOR CORROSIVE CARGOES.

In a note with this photograph our correspondent states: "A new type of vessel is at present lying in New York Harbour. She has no keel and is fashioned of welded steel channels. Her holds are of pure nickel and she can thus be loaded with acids and lyes, which would corrode other containers. The ship, which is ribless and rivetless, will have an ocean-going deckhouse bolted on while here and will then put to sea." (A.P.)



ORDERED BY THE ADMIRALTY FOR THE YANGTZE FLOTILLA: THE NEW 585-TON RIVER GUNBOAT "DRAGONFLY" AFTER HER LAUNCH AT SOUTHAMPTON.

The new river gunboat "Dragonfly" was launched from the Woolston Yard of Messrs. John I. Thornycroft at Southampton on December 8. The vessel, which was named by Lady Dent, was ordered by the Admiralty for the Yangtze Flotilla and is specially notable for her protective armament and living accommodation. The "Dragonfly" has a displacement of 585 tons and carries 4-in. guns. She is one of two shallow draught gunboats which Thornycrofts are building. In a speech following the launch Sir John Thornycroft pointed out that the plating now used on modern tanks was first used on gunboats. (S. and G.)



A NEW "PATROL TYPE" SUBMARINE FOR GENERAL SERVICE: H.M.S. "TRIDENT" ENTERING THE MERSEY AFTER BEING LAUNCHED.

A new "Triton" class submarine, H.M.S. "Trident," was launched from Messrs. Cammell Laird's yard at Birkenhead on December 7. The naming ceremony was performed by Mrs. Raikes, wife of Rear-Admiral R. H. T. Raikes, who commands the submarine depot at Gosport. The "Trident" has a displacement of 1090 tons and will be armed with one 4-in. gun and six 21-in. torpedo-tubes. These submarines are officially described as the "patrol" type for general service. (Topical.)



## HERR VON RIBBENTROP'S VISIT TO PARIS.



THE GERMAN FOREIGN MINISTER PLACES A WREATH ON THE TOMB OF THE UNKNOWN WARRIOR AT THE ARC DE TRIOMPHE, PARIS: HERR VON RIBBENTROP SALUTING, WITH RAISED ARM, AFTER THE CEREMONY. (Planet).



HERR VON RIBBENTROP AT THE RECEPTION HE GAVE AT THE GERMAN EMBASSY IN PARIS: THE GERMAN FOREIGN MINISTER IN CONVERSATION WITH CORINNE LUCHAIRE, THE YOUNG FRENCH FILM-ACTRESS. (Planet.)



THE CONCLUSION OF A MOMENTOUS VISIT WHICH MARKS A NEW STAGE IN FRANCO-GERMAN RELATIONS: HERR VON RIBBENTROP TAKING LEAVE OF M. BONNET, THE FRENCH FOREIGN MINISTER, ON HIS DEPARTURE FROM PARIS. (Keystone.)

Herr von Ribbentrop, the German Foreign Minister, arrived in Paris on December 6 and in the afternoon signed the Franco-German Declaration with M. Bonnet, the French Foreign Minister, at the Quai D'Orsay (a photograph of the ceremony was published in our issue of December 10). This was the chief purpose of his visit, but, on the following day, he took the opportunity to have a series of conversations with M. Bonnet and then devoted the rest of the day to a round of ceremonies and sight-seeing. After placing a wreath on the tomb of the Unknown Warrior at the Arc de Triomphe, Herr von Ribbentrop visited the Goethe House, a German cultural organisation, and then proceeded to the Louvre. He was later entertained to luncheon by the Comité France-Allemagne and in the evening was host at a reception given at the German Embassy to leading statesmen and other well-known personalities. The German Foreign Minister left Paris on December 8. On crossing the frontier he sent telegrams to M. Daladier, the French Prime Minister, and M. Bonnet, in which he expressed his satisfaction with the Declaration and his thanks for the cordial hospitality he had received.

## THE GERMAN NAVY'S FIRST AIRCRAFT-CARRIER.

The first aircraft-carrier ever built for the German Navy was launched at Kiel on December 8 in the presence of Herr Hitler and Field-Marshal Göring. She was named the "Graf Zeppelin" by Countess Hella von Brandenstein-Zeppelin, the daughter of the late Count Zeppelin. This vessel is the first of two aircraft-carriers, of which the second is now building at Kiel. Although it was expected that these aircraft-carriers would be of revolutionary design, the "Graf Zeppelin" is similar to our own ships of this type and is not quite so large as the 22,000-ton "Ark Royal," which is just going into service. It is believed that the "Graf Zeppelin" will house only forty aircraft as against the seventy which the "Ark Royal" will probably carry, and the hundred, or more, machines carried by the American 19,900-ton "Enterprise" and "Yorktown." The "Graf Zeppelin" has an estimated speed of 32 knots and is to be armed with sixteen 5.9-in. guns and thirty anti-aircraft guns of various calibres. German experts visualise the use of these aircraft-carriers in the Atlantic in wartime.



GERMANY'S FIRST AIRCRAFT-CARRIER LAUNCHED: THE 19,250-TON "GRAF ZEPPELIN" MOVING DOWN THE WAYS AT KIEL, WATCHED BY HERR HITLER AND FIELD-MARSHAL GÖRING, WITH THE FLIGHT-DECK CLEARLY SEEN PROJECTING ABOVE. (S. and G.)



TO PROVIDE AN OUTLET FROM THE NARROW SEAS FOR GERMAN NAVAL AIRCRAFT: THE AIRCRAFT-CARRIER "GRAF ZEPPELIN," WHICH SOME GERMAN EXPERTS VISUALISE AS OPERATING IN THE ATLANTIC, AFTER HER LAUNCH. (Wide World.)



## THE ATTEMPT TO REACH EDDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE: A DRAMA OF THE SEA.



STANDING-BY WHILE AN ATTEMPT WAS MADE TO TAKE OFF THE PRINCIPAL KEEPER, WHO WAS ILL: THE TRINITY HOUSE STEAMER "SATELLITE" OFF EDDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE IN HEAVY SEAS.

Heavy seas round the South coast recently were responsible for the isolation of many lighthouses and lightships. For instance, the keepers at the Bishop Rock Lighthouse, whose relief was three weeks overdue, had to have extra provisions hauled up to them on a rope from a small boat. Public attention was, however, centred on the Eddystone Lighthouse and the efforts made to establish contact with it. This was because naval watchkeepers on the breakwater fort at the entrance to Plymouth Sound picked up a message flashed by a hand-lamp from the lighthouse on December 8

stating that Principal Keeper Jordain was in need of medical treatment and requesting that he should be brought ashore. A tug prepared to put to sea, but was unable to leave Plymouth. On December 12 it was decided that the 491-ton Trinity House steamer "Satellite" should attempt the task of relieving Jordain. This vessel succeeded in getting within 500 yards of Eddystone Lighthouse and a motor-launch was lowered to enable a breeches-buoy to be rigged. The heavy seas, however, forced the launch to return to the "Satellite," and the attempt was temporarily abandoned. (G.P.U.)



## SOUTH AFRICA'S "GREAT TREK" OF 1938.

Celebrations lasting four days marked the centenary of the great Boer trek from the Cape to the hinterland of South Africa in 1838, in the course of which they defeated an overwhelming Zulu army at the battle of Blood River, in Natal. Relays of torch-bearers, each covering one mile of the 1094 miles from Cape Town to Pretoria, sped towards the huge camp, known as Voortrekker City. This camp, built three miles out of Pretoria, reproduced on a bigger scale the encampment of 10,000 Boers, which was saved by 460 intrepid horsemen from the attack of Dingaan's 12,000 Zulus one hundred years ago. Hundreds of Boer families travelled to Pretoria in ox-wagons, carrying with them their food supplies. Many of the men wore the corduroy trousers, floral waistcoats, black pioneer jackets, and Boer hats of 100 years ago, and the women the print dresses and Dutch *kappies*. It was arranged that on Dingaan's Day (December 16) a salute of eighteen guns should hail the sunrise over the camp, which held more than 100,000 people. A double-page colour illustration showing the Voortrekkers' monument at Pretoria appears on pages 1156-1157.



COMMEMORATING THE CENTENARY OF THE GREAT TREK FROM THE CAPE TO THE HINTERLAND OF SOUTH AFRICA: CAPE WAGONS LEAVING CAPE TOWN FOR PRETORIA.



INTERESTING DETAILS OF AN EXACT REPLICA OF A "GREAT TREK" WAGON, MADE FOR THE CENTENARY: WITH FITTINGS INCLUDING THE BARREL UNDERNEATH FOR WATER; AND A TIN FOR WHEEL-GREASE.



DESCENDANTS OF THE 1838 VOORTREKKER PIONEERS: PARTICIPATORS IN THE CENTENARY TREK; WITH WAGONS, CLOTHES AND GUNS THAT ARE EXACT REPLICAS OF THOSE OF THEIR FOREFATHERS.

## THE PRINCESSES' FRENCH DOLLS ON EXHIBITION.



AT THE EXHIBITION OF THE DOLLS PRESENTED TO PRINCESSES ELIZABETH AND MARGARET ROSE BY FRENCH CHILDREN, AT ST. JAMES'S PALACE: A MINIATURE CABIN-TRUNK (LEFT); AND THE DOLLS' FANS AND TOILET REQUISITES.



"FRANCE" (LEFT), A BLONDE, IN WALKING-OUT COSTUME; AND "MARIANNE," BRUNETTE, WEARING AN EVENING CLOAK IN ERMINE, VALUED AT TWO HUNDRED GUINEAS: DETAILS OF THE PRINCESSES' DOLLS' ELABORATE TROUSSEUX.



THE ASTONISHING VARIETY OF THE PRINCESSES' DOLLS' CLOTHES: A SELECTION INCLUDING PICTURE-HATS, A BRAIDED DRESSING-GOWN, A PARASOL, AND SHOES. Photographs, Central Press.

"France" and "Marianne," the dolls presented to Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret by the children of France during the visit of the King and Queen to Paris, are now on exhibition to the public at St. James's Palace, with their miniature sets of clothes. The proceeds will be devoted to the Princess Elizabeth of York Hospital for Children and to a French charity. The traditional French taste, workmanship and artistry have been exploited fully to make this gift a thing of beauty. Each doll has about forty dresses in her "trousseau"—made in 1938 autumn fashions adapted from those of the best Parisian dressmakers. There are smocked baby frocks; scarves patterned with designs of Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs; fur coats of nutria, summer ermine, ocelot, grey broadtail; and a coat of Russian ermine. The dolls have also shoes of satin, crêpe-de-Chine, and gold and silver, with matching handbags and gloves. The gift will form a historical memento of 1938 fashions, besides being a most attractive plaything for the Princesses. The exhibition, which is having a great success, will continue until December 24.





### THE WONDERFUL COLOUR EFFECTS MADE POSSIBLE BY POLAROID:

A PATTERN OF BRIGHT PRISMATIC HUES AND THEIR COMPLEMENTARIES GIVEN BY SHEETS OF TRANSPARENT CELLULOSE TISSUE SANDWICHED AT RANDOM BETWEEN TWO SHEETS OF POLAROID.

This illustration shows one of the more decorative applications of Polaroid, the new material that polarises light passing through it, which is illustrated and discussed in this issue. The ingredients of this colourful "abstract composition" were several sheets of ordinary transparent cellulose tissue, such as is used to wrap up cigarette packages, sandwiched at random between two sheets of Polaroid and placed over an electric light. For contrast, a copper disc was dropped in the middle. All these colours would be changed spectacularly if either of the Polaroid sheets were rotated through 90 degrees, when each colour would change to its

precise complement—the greens becoming reds, the blues oranges, and so forth. The nearest approach to these bright prismatic hues in everyday life is provided by the colours on soap-bubbles. Polaroid is claimed to be the only commercial method of creating them. Using a device to rotate one of the Polaroid sheets, it is possible to change the colour-scheme of the design to its complement four times during each rotation. It is plain there may be a great opening for the application of this principle in spectacular advertising displays and stage lighting—and even in interior decoration.—[Reproduced by Courtesy of "Fortune" Magazine.]





COMMEMORATING THE GREAT TREK OF 1838: AN ARTIST'S IMPRESSION OF THE MONUMENT OVERLOOKING PRETORIA, AND OF THE ADVANCE OF THE VOORTREKKERS, THE ORIGINAL PIONEERS.

This year South Africa commemorates the Centenary of the Great Trek or great migration of farmers from the Cape to the uncharted hinterland, a movement which led to the opening up of the country that is now known as the Union of South Africa. As part of the ceremonies which it was arranged should be held in Pretoria yesterday, the monument depicted above was dedicated to those intrepid pioneers. Conceived on bold lines, to stand on a kopje some two miles south of Pretoria, it will take the form of a shrine within a laager of wagons, such a wagon-laager having been the method of

defence adopted by the Voortrekkers when attacked by natives. The façade will depict in statuary a Voortrekker Mother protecting her children, while on either side, in bas-relief, there will be Wildebeeste (South African Gnu), representing the perils of the wild. The interior will be a great commemorative hall 100 ft. by 100 ft. by 100 ft., wherein will be illustrated in sculptured bas-relief 7 ft. high and 240 ft. long the principal incidents in the history of the Great Trek, thirty-two in all. In the crypt will be placed the sarcophagus of the leader of the trek—Piet Retief—and those of his small band of men

who were massacred by the Zulu chief, Dingaan. The words on the sarcophagus will be "We for thee—South Africa." Space will also be provided for the tombs of prominent men who deserve well of South Africa. The monument will be roofed by a dome representing a section of the globe, with South Africa in bas-relief, on which will be indicated the route taken by the trekkers. The estimated cost of the monument, which will be of stone, is £217,000. It will take some three years to complete. It was arranged that it should be dedicated by three women, direct descendants of the Pioneers. It was

expected that at least 150,000 people would attend the dedication ceremonies, the religious services of thanksgiving and the historical pageants—this being the largest assembly in South Africa's history. December 16 was chosen, as it was upon this day one hundred years ago that the power of the Zulu armies was finally broken by the Voortrekkers, and they vowed that "they would raise a house to the memory of God's name; and they would note the day of the victory in a book to make it known to posterity, in order that that day might be celebrated to the honour of God."

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*It's a way they have at*  
**CHRISTMAS...**



*to get the party well 'lit up'*  
*by giving*

# **GREYS**

## **CIGARETTES**



Remember — you can't go wrong if you give cigarettes, especially if they're Greys. Ask to see the gay Christmas gift boxes of these famous cigarettes.

*Packed ready for Christmas posting*



Greys sales are always mounting—  
 It's the quality that's counting!



## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD: HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS IN PICTURES.



IN MEMELLAND, WHERE THE RECENT ELECTIONS FORESHADOWED A NAZI RÉGIME: THE PORT OF MEMEL, CAPITAL OF THE AUTONOMOUS TERRITORY. (Wide World.)

The inhabitants of the autonomous Memel territory in Lithuania went to the polls on December 11 to elect a new *Landtag*. As when they last voted three years ago, the result of the election was not in doubt. The German Party, it was generally agreed, could rely on obtaining at least twenty-four of the twenty-nine seats. The German members, it is understood, will sit as National Socialists, and make



DR. NEUMANN, FÜHRER OF THE MEMEL KULTUR-VERBAND, A NATIONAL-SOCIALIST PARTY IN ALL BUT NAME, CASTING HIS VOTE IN THE RECENT ELECTION. (Keystone.)

far-reaching demands on the Lithuanian Government. Dr. Ernst Neumann, after four years in penal servitude, returned to be Führer of the Memel Germans and the first candidate on the *Landtag* list. He has organised his followers in a *Kultur-Verband*, which is, in all but name, a National-Socialist party. The members greet each other with the Nazi salute and the word "Heil!"



IN PALESTINE: LOCAL VILLAGERS REPAIRING THE JERUSALEM-LYDDA RAILWAY WHICH HAD BEEN DAMAGED BY TERRORISTS.

Interest in Palestine in this country has recently been centred upon the discussions which it is proposed to hold in London, probably in January. Invitations to attend these discussions have been accepted by the Governments of Egypt, Iraq, Saudi Arabia, Trans-Jordan, and the Jewish Agency for Palestine. Arab leaders deported to the Seychelles in October, 1937, are also being released so that they can attend. An outstanding recent event

[Continued  
opposite.]



AN ARMoured TRAFFIC CONTROL "PILL-BOX" ON A PALESTINE ROAD: POLICEMEN AND JEWISH SUPER-NUMERARIES OUTSIDE THE CONCRETE TOWER.



A NEW POST BEING CONSTRUCTED AT AL-WALAJA TO PROTECT THE JERUSALEM-LYDDA LINE FROM TERRORISTS.

In Palestine was the surprising of a rebel "court" near Attil by British troops on December 8. Two "judges," messengers, and several litigants were found there. One of the photographs reproduced here shows repairs to railway tracks between Jerusalem and Lydda. In order to stop terrorists damaging the railway line, a military post is being erected on the hills near Al-Walaja, from which the railway track can be controlled.



THE SUPREME CHAMPION OF THE KENNEL CLUB SHOW: THE COCKER SPANIEL EXQUISITE MODEL OF WARE.

The closing day of the Kennel Club's highly successful show at Olympia, saw the judging of the best of all the exhibits, which ended in the triumph of Mr. H. S. Lloyd's cocker spaniel Exquisite Model of Ware. This had previously won the Lonsdale Cup for the best of its sex. (Fall.)



THE FUNERAL OF QUEEN MAUD OF NORWAY: THE SCENE DURING THE SERVICE IN THE CATHEDRAL, ATTENDED BY THE DUKE OF KENT.

The funeral of Queen Maud of Norway took place on December 8. The coffin stood in the Cathedral of Our Saviour at Oslo, draped with the Royal Standard, and bearing a single wreath. During the service, the King of Norway and the Crown Prince and Princess sat in the first pew on the right of the choir; and the King and Queen of Denmark and the Duke of Kent in the second pew. (Central Press.)



# WHEN THE JAPANESE ENCROACHED ON BRITISH TERRITORY AT HONG KONG.



SHELLED BY THE JAPANESE, WHO SUBSEQUENTLY ENTERED BRITISH TERRITORY AND OCCUPIED A MILITARY POST: THE BRITISH ROAD BRIDGE AT HONG KONG, WITH A JAPANESE "BLIMP" OVERHEAD DIRECTING THE GUNS.



SOME OF THE THOUSANDS OF CHINESE WHO FLED FROM THE JAPANESE OVER THE HONG KONG BORDER INTO BRITISH TERRITORY: REFUGEES WITH THEIR BUNDLES RESTING AT SHEUNG-SHUI, NEAR THE FRONTIER.



PATIENTLY WAITING THEIR TURN WHILE BREAD WAS DISTRIBUTED: A CROWD OF REFUGEES AT ONE OF THE CENTRES OF THE EMERGENCY RELIEF COMMITTEE.



HONG KONG'S DEFENCE AGAINST AERIAL ATTACK: A SECTION OF ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS PREPARING FOR ACTION DURING THE RECENT MANŒUVRES.



"WITH GAS-MASKS AT THE "ALERT" POSITION: INDIAN GUNNERS STANDING BY THEIR HOWITZER DURING MANŒUVRES AT HONG KONG THIS MONTH.



HOLDING A CONFERENCE AFTER THE JAPANESE ATTEMPT TO ENTER HONG KONG TERRITORY: BRITISH STAFF OFFICERS ON THE DISPUTED BRIDGE; SHOWING DISCARDED CHINESE ARMS AND EQUIPMENT ON EACH SIDE.



DISCUSSING THE FIRM ATTITUDE OF THE BRITISH AUTHORITIES: A PARTY OF JAPANESE OFFICERS HOLDING A CONFERENCE ON THE CHINESE SIDE OF THE RAILWAY BRIDGE AFTER THEY HAD BEEN ORDERED TO WITHDRAW.

FOLLOWING the fall of Canton, the Japanese troops began to occupy the area on the other side of the Hong Kong border, and, as a result, thousands of Chinese fled to British territory. In one day, 100,000 were estimated to have crossed the frontier, and when the bridge over the Shamchun River was closed by the police in an effort to establish some form of control, the terrified refugees crossed over by improvised plank bridges and rafts. The bridge was then reopened. The Hong Kong Emergency Relief Council provided food at several centres, and the Government hurriedly built encampments, one of which was situated on the new Kamtin aerodrome. Chinese soldiers who retreated into Hong Kong were disarmed and interned at Fanling. On November 26 a serious situation developed when Japanese troops entered British territory and British military posts and roads were shelled by Japanese batteries. Civilians on the British side

[Continued opposite.

一、你們的良兵，若逢日軍來，要棄槍或  
又槍，以表示來服從。  
二、良民的房屋，貼張此証，人人眼望可  
知到，日軍對此的房屋，就特別的來保  
護。



(良民之証)

JAPANESE WAR PROPAGANDA: A LEAFLET DROPPED FROM AN AEROPLANE NEAR THE BORDER OF HONG KONG TERRITORY WHICH STATES: "STICK THIS ON YOUR DOOR . . . AND YOU WILL BE SAFE."

of the Shamchun River were fired on with machine-guns. At one point the Japanese demanded the withdrawal of the British guard on a railway bridge, and stated that the British border was eight miles to the south. British officers produced maps showing the frontier of the leased territory, and told the Japanese to retire. After disputing for an hour they complied, and set up a machine-gun post on the Chinese side of the bridge. After a conference between Brigadier J. T. W. Reeve, commanding the Hong Kong Infantry Brigade, Lieut.-Colonel L. A. Newnham, and the Japanese commander, the incident was regarded as closed. Even in war propaganda the Japanese retain a certain sense of design, as the leaflet reproduced on this page shows! It was dropped from an aeroplane, with others, near the border of the Hong Kong territory. It reads: "Stick this leaflet on your door so that everyone will know the Japanese are coming and you will be safe."



## DRILLING IN THE SKY: Hawker "Furies" in Perfect Line-abreast Formation over South England.

THESE striking photographs of Hawker "Furies" of No. 43 (Fighter) Squadron flying in line-abreast formation over South England show that in the air, as on the ground, the R.A.F. has the same precision in drill as the Guards. The Squadron has been equipped with these machines since 1931, when they were considered to be the last word in fighting aircraft, but it is shortly to be re-equipped with later and faster types. Even to-day however, the Hawker "Fury" is extremely popular for aerobatics. It should be noted that the machines are painted with the new camouflage pattern. The "Fury" is a single-seat interceptor fighter biplane powered with a Rolls-Royce "Kestrel VI." supercharged engine, and it has a speed of 223 m.p.h. at 16,400 ft. The armament consists of two Vickers guns, mounted in the top cowlings and firing through the air-screw. The "Fury" can climb to 19,840 ft. in 8.6 min., and has a Service ceiling of 29,500 ft. The Yugoslav Government adopted the Hawker "Fury" some time ago as a standard fighter and acquired a licence to build it. This machine is, however, powered with a Rolls-Royce "Kestrel XVI." engine and has a speed at 16,400 ft. of 250 m.p.h. The importance of the Fighter in Home Defence is such that, although the "Fury" is undoubtedly an easily-maneuvred machine, it is being replaced by faster types, such as the Vickers-Supermarine "Spitfire," which has a normal maximum speed exceeding 350 m.p.h., and the Hawker "Hurricane," both of which were exhibited in the Paris Aero Show.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY L.N.A.



(ABOVE.) THE AIR AS PARADE-GROUND FOR THE ROYAL AIR FORCE: HAWKER "FURIES" OF NO. 43 (FIGHTER) SQUADRON, IN THEIR NEW CAMOUFLAGE, FLYING IN PERFECT LINE-ABREAST FORMATION OVER THE SOUTH OF ENGLAND—A STRIKING PHOTOGRAPH ILLUSTRATING THE CONTROL POSSIBLE WITH THESE SINGLE-SEAT MACHINES, WHICH ARE EXTREMELY POPULAR FOR AEROBATICS.



(RIGHT.) IN PERFECT ALIGNMENT: HAWKER "FURIES" AS SEEN FROM BELOW WHEN FLYING IN LINE-ABREAST FORMATION—MACHINES WHICH WERE AT ONE TIME CONSIDERED TO BE THE MOST EFFICIENT FIGHTING AIRCRAFT AND NOW TO BE SUPERSEDED BY THE LATEST AND FASTER TYPES, SUCH AS THE HAWKER "HURRICANE."



# PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE: PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK.



**MR. JAMES McNEILL.**  
Formerly Governor-General of the Irish Free State. Died December 12; aged sixty-nine. After taking part in various Sinn Féin organisations, was Chairman, Dublin County Council. First High Commissioner for the Irish Free State, in London, 1923.



**SIR AUCKLAND GEDDES.**  
Sir Auckland's offer of assistance has been accepted by Sir John Anderson, Minister of Civilian Defence, for the compilation of the National Register. He was Director of Recruiting and Minister of National Service during the war.



**DR. HJALMAR SCHACHT.**  
President, German Reichsbank. Recently announced his intention to visit London as the guest of Mr. Montagu Norman. It was believed he would discuss the transfer of German Jewish money to countries prepared to receive refugees.



**VICE-ADMIRAL G. LAYTON.**  
Has been appointed as Vice-Admiral Commanding the 1st Battle Squadron, and Second in Command Mediterranean Fleet as from January 1939. He had previously been appointed Rear-Admiral commanding Battle Cruiser Squadron, in last August.



**MR. COLLEDGE LEADER.**  
The well-known racing trainer who had trained for Lord Derby since 1934. Died December 9; aged fifty-five. Had previously trained for the late Lord Harewood and Mr. J. B. Leigh. Trained the classic winners Tide Way and Quashed.



**MR. CHARLES BOOTH.**  
The prominent shipowner. Died December 9; aged seventy. Chairman, Alfred Booth and Company, the Booth Steamship Line. Chairman, the Bank of Liverpool, 1916-1919. A member, the Mersey Docks and Harbour Board since 1924.



**ESTABLISHERS OF A NEW GLIDING ENDURANCE RECORD:**  
HERREN BOEDIKER AND ZANDER.

Two German sailplane pilots, named Boediker and Zander, established a new gliding record by remaining in flight for 50 hours 15 minutes in their two-seater glider "Deutschland." Their flight, which took place over the Kurisch Nehrung, on the coast of East Prussia, finished on December 11. The two men are attached to the Rositten Sailplane School.



**M. TĂTĂRESCU.**  
It was announced on December 9 that the appointment of M. Tătarescu as Rumanian Ambassador to France had received the agreement of the French Government. He is the first to hold the post of Rumanian Ambassador at Paris.



**M. MUNTERS.**  
The Latvian Foreign Minister who has been visiting London. His programme included a reception by King George, and visits to the Prime Minister, Foreign Secretary and President of the Board of Trade. Also visited Vickers' works at Barrow.



SIR G. CLARKE.



MR. J. O. M. CLARK.



MR. J. S. ADDISON.



SIR GEORGE BEHARRELL.



MR. D'ARCY COOPER.



MR. PETER F. BENNETT.

## THE MEMBERS OF THE ADVISORY PANEL ON REARMAMENT: SIX PROMINENT LEADERS OF BRITISH INDUSTRY.

The constitution of the Industrial Advisory Panel on Rearmament was announced by Mr. Chamberlain in the House of Commons on December 12. Its members are Sir Geoffrey Clarke, President of the Associated Chambers of Commerce of Great Britain and Managing Director of the Telegraph Construction and Maintenance Company; Mr. J. O. M. Clark, Chairman of J. and P. Coats, the big cotton firm; Mr. J. S. Addison, the Managing Director of Courtalds, the great rayon combine;

Sir George Beharrell, Chairman of the Dunlop Rubber Company, and a former Chairman of Imperial Airways; Mr. F. D'Arcy Cooper, Chairman of Lever Brothers and Chairman of Mac-Fisheries; and Mr. Peter F. Bennett, President of the Federation of British Industries, a director of Imperial Chemical Industries, and head of Joseph Lucas (of Birmingham). The panel is to receive representations of defects or difficulties in the rearmament programme and to suggest remedial action.



**FIELD-MARSHAL VON MACKENSEN'S EIGHTY-NINTH BIRTHDAY: THE VETERAN GERMAN COMMANDER CONGRATULATED BY HIS FAMILY.**

Great interest was recently aroused when it was learnt that the aged Field-Marshal von Mackensen had interceded with Herr Hitler on behalf of Pastor Niemöller, the Protestant leader who has been in custody since July 1, 1937, for having preached consistently against the Nazification of the Church. It appears that he asked for Niemöller's release as a "birthday present"; the request, however, was not granted.



**THE AIR MINISTER'S TOUR OF THE BRITISH AIRCRAFT INDUSTRY: SIR KINGSLEY WOOD INSPECTING A MOTOR AT THE ROLLS-ROYCE WORKS.**

Sir Kingsley Wood, the Air Minister, has been making a tour of aircraft works. In the course of this tour he made a statement in which he said that he was determined to gain first-hand information of the work entailed and the difficulties encountered. He is here seen inspecting a large engine at the Rolls-Royce Aero works at Derby. Both the Supermarine "Spitfire" and the Hawker "Hurricane" fighters are powered with Rolls-Royce engines.





*'Give De Reszke*

**- of course!**

**DE RESZKE CIGARETTES** for Christmas



**MINORS** \*\*\* 60 for 2/-  
in decorated tins ready for the post

How simple the answer of that wise little bird! How right! For no one can have too many De Reszke Minors, and here they are specially gay for Christmas in their cheerful tin. Send sixty good wishes — De Reszkes, of course!



ON THE STEPPES ONE DRINKS KISSLYSCHTSCHY...★



...WHEN ONE CAN'T GET

# Schweppees

★ Kisslyschtschy is described by intrepid drinkers as "a beer like sweet wort or treacle beer" . . . which is probably helpful to anyone who knows his treacle beer. But lately there has been a marked swing-over, on the Steppes, to Schweppees, which not only tastes better but is easier to pronounce.

WHEREVER YOU ARE . . . THE BEST CLASS BAR SERVES Schweppees





## THE CHARM OF MUSIC.

SOME THOUGHTS ON ELGAR; A GREAT COMPOSER.—By FRANCIS TOYE.

IT IS NOTICE with great pleasure that Elgar's music has occupied a very prominent place in the programmes during the last few weeks. Sir Adrian Boult has given "Falstaff" at a Philharmonic Concert; Albert Sammons has played the violin concerto, and Sir Henry Wood wound up the first series of B.B.C. Symphony Concerts by devoting an entire programme to the "Introduction and Allegro" for Strings, the 'Cello Concerto and the First Symphony. So at least we may now feel reasonably sure that Elgar's music is going to keep its place in the repertory to some extent. To what extent, it is, of course, too early to say, but at any rate Elgar's music seems definitely to have survived the inevitable reaction after the surfeit of commemoration attendant on his death.

Needless to say, it is not to be expected that the whole, or even the major portion, of Elgar's considerable output will escape oblivion, for this has not happened even in the case of the greatest composers in musical history. Nor am I aware of any indication that Elgar's music has begun to occupy in the repertory of foreign countries even a portion of that place which has so markedly been denied him.

This indifference to Elgar outside England is a fact which cannot be denied or altogether explained away. An unbiased observer must, I think, recognise that it indicates a certain limitation of his genius. The ingenious explanation sometimes put forward that it is due to a fundamental, almost aggressive, English quality in his music, of which the English themselves were not fully conscious, will not hold water. Nobody could be more typically, more uncompromisingly German than Brahms, more Italian than Verdi, more French than Gounod, yet all these composers in their different ways have won universal allegiance. It is possible, perhaps, to win universal allegiance without being a very great composer, but I doubt if it is possible to be a very great composer and not win universal allegiance. At any rate, I cannot call any such to mind. So that, with the best will in the world, I am unable to see Elgar occupying a place in the front rank.

This perception of Elgar's limitations in no wise connotes blindness to his outstanding qualities. Elgar, of course, was a great composer. Whether he was one of the three greatest composers of his time I am not sure, though in my personal preference he ranks indubitably above Richard Strauss, to whom such an honour is conventionally attributed. But I am sure that he was one of the three greatest musicians—a distinction which perhaps requires a few words of explanation. In nearly all his work—of the second as well as of the first rank—Elgar's technical ability is absolutely of the first order; his power of writing for the orchestra would alone entitle him to rank among the greatest masters, for he has achieved sonorities that are wholly individual, while his sureness of touch never fails. Moreover, he possesses a constructional sense unparalleled among English, and exceptional even among the greatest foreign, composers. Further, he seems to have been peculiarly endowed with the capacity to make his ideas, whatever their value in themselves, glow with the maximum of intensity. Somebody once said of Elgar's music that it was like a motor-car in perfect running order, whereas the music of most of his contemporaries—especially his English contemporaries—suggested motor-cars sometimes apparently superior in power and design, but too frequently handicapped by engine or carburettor trouble. In other words, if and when Elgar's music leaves something to be desired, it is in inspiration, never in workmanship.

Most people will grant that the level of Elgar's inspiration was decidedly unequal. In making this statement I am not thinking of admittedly popular works of the "Salut d'Amour" and "Pomp and Circumstance" variety, which, as a matter of fact, seem to me admirable specimens of a kind to which all composers, more or less, have

Concertos. There are magnificent passages—even magnificent movements—in all of them, especially in the Violin Concerto; but, viewed as entities, they are not, I think, even the best of Elgar's compositions, much less classifiable among the best compositions of our time. Exaggerated praise of these works in particular has, perhaps, been largely responsible for that foreign denigration of Elgar's music in general already referred to.

To my mind there is no doubt at all as to what are really the best of Elgar's compositions—the "Enigma" Variations (the finale perhaps excepted), the Introduction and Allegro for Strings, the symphonic study, "Falstaff," "The Dream of Gerontius," and less certainly, the "Cockaigne" Overture. The word "masterpiece" is notoriously overworked nowadays, but I would not hesitate to apply it to them. "Falstaff" and "The Dream of Gerontius" are not, perhaps, so perfect as entities, but the qualitative level of both is so marked, the former as regards colour and pageantry, the latter as regards musical intensity, that they will all, I feel increasingly confident, keep the important place in the musical repertory that they so well deserve. For here, at any rate, Elgar's inspiration has combined with his always consummate workmanship to achieve something very near perfection.

By the time these lines are in print the Sunday Concerts at Covent Garden will temporarily have come to an end, though they will, of course, be resumed in January, when music begins to shine again after the Christmas eclipse. I shall, I know, be voicing the gratitude of hundreds of music-lovers in paying tribute to the excellence of these concerts. Not improbably they constitute the best series of Sunday Concerts that have ever been given in London, and they perform a most valuable service. I have often had occasion, here and elsewhere, to stress the importance of boldness and enterprise in making up the programmes of the great symphony concerts, the danger of permitting our musical outlook to become merely static. The symphony concert, or some other concert specially arranged, remains the proper field for exploration of new or unfamiliar music. It is the most important field, but it is not the only one. What may be classified as routine concerts also have their proper place in the scheme of musical affairs.

Here the vast body of the musically-inclined can satisfy their tastes. Without any pretension to curiosity or eclecticism, they are thus enabled to hear the standard works, to make music, as it were, part of the round of their everyday life. Briefly speaking, their ideal is "to go and hear some music" rather than to go and hear any piece of music in particular. This is not, perhaps, an ideal popular in musicological circles, but it has always existed and it always will exist. Provided it is not exclusive to the detriment of every other ideal, it is wholly legitimate. Wherefore, since the demand for routine concerts remains constant, the standard of their excellence must always be a matter of importance. I find it difficult to believe that the standard of excellence obtaining at the Beecham Sunday Concerts at Covent Garden could easily be raised. Even mediocre performances of the various works are infrequent, and very often we have had performances of superlative excellence that would do credit to any concert anywhere. For this, needless to say, we have to thank the technical perfection to which Beecham has brought the London Philharmonic Orchestra and their exceptionally wide repertory, for concerts of this nature must, of course, be given with a minimum of rehearsals. I can only express the hope that Londoners realise how fortunate they are in enjoying such programmes.



"DON CARLOS," AT SADLER'S WELLS—THE FIRST PRODUCTION OF THE OPERA IN ENGLISH: KING PHILIP (RONALD STEAR; CENTRE) BANISHES COUNTESS AREMBERG (MURIEL RAE, CURTSEYING) FOR BREACH OF HER DUTY IN LEAVING THE QUEEN (JEANNE DUSSEAU) ALONE WITH DON CARLOS. "Don Carlos," one of the finest of Verdi's operas, has been neglected in this country, and had never been heard in English before its production at Sadler's Wells. The story concerns the love of Don Carlos, son of Philip II. of Spain, for the young Elizabeth de Valois of France, who is forced into marriage with his father. The above scene is in the garden, where Don Carlos's amour is treacherously laid bare by the jealous Princess Eboli. The last of three performances of "Don Carlos" at Sadler's Wells took place yesterday, December 16; but another will be given on January 11.



THE GREAT AUTO-DA-FÉ SCENE, SET OUTSIDE OUR LADY OF ATOCHA, IN MADRID: DON CARLOS (TUDOR DAVIES) BEGS TO BE ALLOWED TO AID THE CAUSE OF THE SUFFERING NETHERLANDS, A GESTURE WHICH LEADS TO HIS BEING IMPRISONED BY THE GRAND INQUISITOR.

Standing on the steps on the right in this scene are the King, the Queen, and Don Carlos's friend Rodrigo, Marques de la Posa, who is afterwards killed in attempting to help him to escape (Redvers Llewellyn).

condemned at one time or another. I am thinking rather of the inequalities shown in certain of his more ambitious works, which admirers with more enthusiasm than judgment have endeavoured to persuade the world to accept as masterpieces of the highest order, worthy to rank with the choicest products of Beethoven or Brahms. Such are, typically, the two symphonies and the Violin and 'Cello





# The World of the Theatre.

By IVOR BROWN.



## OLD AND NEW COMEDY.

A SEEMLY and a charming piece of centenary ceremonial occurred on a recent Sunday night, when the Repertory Players, by arrangement with Mr. Bronson Albery, revived "The Two Roses." This was one of the many successful pieces written by the well-known manager's father, James Albery, who was born in 1838. It was produced at the Vaudeville Theatre in 1870, and it

Now, while we may have been astonished to see with what pomposity James Albery would invest his young hero, we were more pleasantly surprised by the sharpness of flavour in the dialogue. The opening scene, between Digby Grant and one of his women creditors, had a directness and a crispness of wit which could not have been bettered. The dramatist "placed" Digby in a phrase or two and the play was started with no hesitant explanations

but with a comedy "sequence" of the first order. The later plot, which enables Digby to inherit mysterious wealth and then disinherits him by suddenly producing the real heir, was simply theatre-stuff which defeats modern efforts to swallow or digest it. Did the adult playgoers of 1870 swallow this kind of thing with any relish or excitement, or did they just put up with it as a peg on which were hung some pretty and some laughable performances?

The theatre is a place of conventions, and the next generation is often surprised that the past one could endure the kind of pretences which it apparently did. But it, in turn, is ridiculed by posterity because it accepted its own brand of absurdities. So possibly the conventional plot of "The Two Roses" seemed logical and sensible to 1870, while it seems childish to 1938. The

argue that, if he attempted an essay in the Irvingite manner, he would only make a fool of himself. He may have been too modest. Possibly he might have carried it off brilliantly. But the whole production was keyed down to modern methods of actuality. Mr. Edmund Gwenn also kept his part on a tight rein. The actor who seemed nearest to the older, more flamboyant way of doing things was Mr. Lloyd Pearson, who is elsewhere giving so robustly amusing a performance in Mr. Priestley's farce "When We Are Married."

Acting now is far faster than it used to be: it assumes that the audience can take a point and need not have it rammed home. The veterans used to show us that "business" was "business." When Albert Chevalier played Old Eccles in "Caste" it took him about a couple of minutes just to light his pipe. He had thought out some amusing dalliance, and dally he did. I would wager that Irving took about twice as long as Mr. Cecil Parker to play Digby Grant; that he elaborated expression, gesture and "business" of all kinds. The same, I would hazard, occurred with the comedy part of Our Mr. Jenkins. Rightly or wrongly, we have become extremely intolerant of such emphasis and embroidery. A. B. Walkley once described Irving's attack on his audience as an entry into battle with drums beating and banners flying. His successors have no such bravery. They slip into our attention without a flourish or a martial note.

M. Saint-Denis has recently produced "Twelfth Night" at the Phoenix Theatre, and in his direction you find much confirmation of these views about the contrasted pace and style of the various generations. We had become accus-

tomed to quite dilatory handling of the familiar fun in this piece. We looked for great play with barrel and cup: the wine from the wood would be long in drawing, and Sir Toby would fully live up to his family name. Aguecheek would be capering and squealing to the top of his bent. Admittedly, we grew a little tired of his antics.

Now, in the new production at the Phoenix, the fun is taken, very modernly, at racing speed and the customary comicalities have been sloughed away. There is much to be said for this: we do not want only "traditional business," especially in a piece so often revived. On the other hand, if you are going to cut out the old fun it is important to invent and to insert some at least that is new. On this score the Phoenix production is deficient. True, Mr. Michael Redgrave gives a wonderfully fresh performance of Sir Andrew, but the texture of the comedy scenes remains rather thin. That is the danger of the modern method. We are so frightened of labouring the obvious that we become frightened of labour altogether. We so vigorously cut away what seems to be dead tissue in the comedy "business" that we are apt to cut the living flesh with it and leave nothing in its place.



"TRAITOR'S GATE," THE PLAY ABOUT SIR THOMAS MORE, AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S THEATRE: MORE (BASIL SYDNEY; SEATED) CONFRONTED BY ARCHBISHOP CRANMER, LORD NORFOLK, AND THOMAS CROMWELL, WHO SEEK TO FORCE HIM TO RECOGNISE HENRY VIII'S DIVORCE.

In "Traitor's Gate" Sir Thomas More is seen in conflict with Henry VIII, and his Government over the King's divorce. The last scenes are set in the Tower, where More meets his end. Frank Moore plays Cranmer, Charles Carson Norfolk, Julien Mitchell Cromwell, and Michael Martin-Harvey Dr. Wilson, More's friend (seen on the right). (Photographs by Angus McBean.)

provided the young Henry Irving, who was also born in 1838, with a part which he made famous—that of Digby Grant, a cadging, pretentious fellow, who begins the play on the level of Dickens's Montague Tigg, a borrower of half-crowns, and rises to a short-lived glory of £10,000 a year.

In 1870 young women played croquet and also, more surprisingly, talked about the acquisition of votes. (The voice of John Stuart Mill had been heard even in that section of the land where Digby Grant lived on his debts and his daughters kept house by some sort of financial magic.) In those days young men in love, as we can guess from the character of Jack Wyatt, were given to being unquenchably sententious. Any occasion seems to suit this young gentleman for raising his voice and his straw hat and laying down the law, preferably about the ways of nature, providence and the like. If the actors had been at all concerned to play for laughs, Mr. Wyatt could have created mirth on the scale and of the type recently bestowed by a hilarious public on the melodramatic speeches



SIR THOMAS MORE WITH HIS FAMILY, INCLUDING HIS BELOVED ADOPTED DAUGHTER, PEG CLEMENT (MARGARETTA SCOTT), STANDING BESIDE HIM; IN "TRAITOR'S GATE": (L. TO R.) JOHN CLEMENT (PLAYED BY ALAN JUDD), MARGARET ROPER (SYLVIA COLERIDGE), WILLIAM ROPER (MICHAEL BENTHALL) AND DAME ALICE MORE (WINIFRED EVANS).



"THE RIVALS" GIVEN AT THE OLD VIC: THE DUEL INTERRUPTED BY DAVID, THE OLD SERVANT (FRANK TICKLE), WHO IS CONFRONTING CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE (ANTHONY QUAYLE); WITH O'TRIGGER (ANDREW CRUICKSHANK) SEEN ON THE LEFT. The other characters seen here are (l. to r.) Faulkland (André Morell), Julia (Meriel Forbes), Sir Anthony Absolute (Lewis Casson), Lydia Languish (Hermione Hadden), Mrs. Malaprop (Ellen Compton), and Bob Acres (Alec Guinness).

of "Young England." But the actors, quite properly, chose to play "The Two Roses" with respect. They abjured the easy guffaw. Mr. Godfrey Kenton gallantly played Wyatt and delivered his elegant "bromides" with a commendably solemn face.

great deal about him. From that it seems obvious to me that he would have played Digby Grant with far more colour, more stress, more business and facial play than Mr. Cecil Parker brought to it. Mr. Parker was perfectly right, I think, to go his own subdued way. He could very well

point is that people in 1978 will certainly be marvelling at our acceptance of conventions. Perhaps they will select for particular ridicule our delight in the clipped, slangy, monosyllabic dialogue of the Noel Coward type of comedy, which, in the interests of naturalism, has knocked all the richness and style out of theatrical writing. It seems to me to be as likely, even as certain, as anything can be, that "flowers of speech" will again bedeck the stage. Audiences will crave once more for a little of the eloquence which, whenever it now appears, is denounced as unreal, literary and stagey. Why should not stage-talk be "stagey" yet again and literature—i.e., style—be reintroduced to the texts of the drama?

Meanwhile we have developed a method of acting which is very different from that of the mid-Victorians, very different even from that of the Edwardians. Modern players, working on naturalistic dialogue, use quiet, naturalistic, unforced methods. I cannot say, except by report, what methods Irving used: I never saw him. But I have seen many of his contemporaries and I have read a



"TWELFTH NIGHT," AT THE PHOENIX: PEGGY ASHCROFT AS VIOLA AND ESMOND KNIGHT AS ORSINO IN M. SAINT-DENIS'S DELIGHTFUL PRODUCTION.



# This England . . .



*Storm over the Cheviots*

GREAT or small, the Englishman when troubled in his mind, seeks easement and reflection in the Countryside. For there is a peace about our land like that of ripe old age. All has been known it seems, all suffering, all joy, till laughter and tears alike take second place. To give ourselves awhile to her rough heart, to spend ourselves in play about her knees, is to be purged of self-made fears and face the world again clear-eyed and comforted. And if at the day's tired end, you raise a golden Worthington, here is one more communion 'twixt your land and you—for this, too, is of England's nurture, worked by your elders' cunning for your succour and your strength.

... by Worthington

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## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. LATE CHINESE CARVING IN CORAL AND SOAPSTONE.

By FRANK DAVIS.

IT is the fashion in right-thinking circles to look down one's nose at many eighteenth-century and all nineteenth-century Chinese works of art. Not having the kind of nose easily adaptable to this manoeuvre—and, indeed, a disdainful sniff can produce the same impression—I prefer to ignore the time factor altogether, and judge any given piece on its intrinsic merits. The point is that whereas the general standard of skill, and more especially of taste, in China becomes as Victorian as anything in Victorian England by the 1850's, a remnant of the great tradition lingers and sometimes produces remarkably fine results. Such a flowering of past glories seems to me visible in the piece of carved coral illustrated in Fig. 1. This makes no pretence to any great age—it is supposed to have been made for the late Empress Dowager of ill-omened memory—but it has all the exquisite, dainty, rather shallow charm of eighteenth-century sentiment, plus a particular virtue which it shares with much older and much greater sculpture: that is—and I suggest this virtue is one of major importance if we wish to enjoy works of art of this sort—it exhibits a proper sense of the material of which it is made. Bad art takes a lump of stuff—stone, or silver, or what not—and tortures it into a shape for which it is not fitted; good art takes a lump and coaxes and caresses it almost as a first-class horseman feels his horse's mouth on a snaffle bit. So, as a sensitive wood-carver uses the grain of the wood to give movement and texture and form to his figure, the man who made this piece out of a fragment of coral saw at once how the natural shape of the rough lent itself to his conception. Note how the flowing sleeve of the lady moves outwards and upwards until it merges in the pattern of the branch on the right; how the lady herself is as much a part of the plant as ever was Daphne of the laurel in the classical story; how cleverly the head of the phoenix and its tail combine with the lady's draperies, and the rhythm of the branches conveys an impression of movement. The thing betrays its period by its pretty sentiment,



1. DEPICTING HSI WANG MU, QUEEN OF THE WESTERN HEAVENS, RIDING ON A PHOENIX: A CHINESE CARVING IN PINK CORAL BELIEVED TO HAVE BEEN MADE FOR THE LATE DOWAGER EMPRESS. (13 in. high.)



2. CHINESE CARVING OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY: A BRUSH-REST, IN THE FORM OF A GROUP OF MOUNTAINS WITH TREES, FIGURES AND A DEER, IN SOAPSTONE. (6½ in. long.)

which is not the sentiment either of an age of faith or of the grand manner; but its method is that of all good sculptures of whatever age—the taming, rather than the shattering, of natural forms. The coral still grows up sweetly and normally from its base; take any similar piece of coral, half-close your eyes, and you can see the Queen of the Western Heavens riding on her phoenix through all eternity—the movement, in short, is implicit in the material.

No, this is not high-faluting criticism, but plain common sense: how our own mediæval sculptors felt when

they gazed at a block of ivory or wood and wondered what to do with it. You remember the phrase from the Bible: "I see men as trees walking"? That was a blind man recovering his sight. The artist in thirteenth-century France (shall we say?) saw a tree, and behold, its trunk and branches became a Madonna and Child—and that's all there is to it: he worked at his block of wood accordingly.

which are the essence of the Chinese spirit. This thing is light brown, with the darker veins cleverly used to indicate recessions, trees, rocks, etc., and in it a whole world of natural beauty is indicated (I almost wrote "made manifest") by the simplest means. In one corner a deer is lying down, beneath the great tree in the centre two little figures are seated on the ground at a low table, and an impression of great depth, even of mystery, is created by the entrance to a cave. The literally-minded will remark, perhaps, that this isn't a cave, but a small hole cut in a lump of soapstone; I reply that through it one can wander into unplumbed depths of the living rock and—if further provoked—that the little man on the right of the table is none other than Kubla Khan decreeing his stately pleasure-house in Xanadu.

Fig. 3 is also pretty good of its kind, and perhaps more immediately understandable, for the lady is Kwanyin, Goddess of Mercy, whom some Europeans wrongly identify with the Virgin, a conception foreign to Chinese notions. She is not a mother, but she gives children. She idealises all the finest qualities of women, and she is infinitely compassionate and merciful. What says the book "The Lotus of the Good Law"?—"Though there were countless millions of creatures in the universe, all suffering from the miseries of human life, they need but invoke this name of Kwanyin; the goddess, immediately perceiving the sounds of the voice so pronounced, shall deliver them all, be it from fire, sharp swords, raging torrents, thunder and lightning, venomous snakes, wild beasts, prison, robbers, enemies, and demons of all kinds." All the more strange that she seems to have come to China from India via Tibet, where she was a male, not a female, deity, with eleven heads and a thousand arms. By the twelfth century A.D. she was firmly established as a woman in the hearts of the Chinese. Her chief shrine is the Island of P'u-t'o, and I am informed that her image is still there—an image that came from Tibet so inadequately dressed in lotus-leaves that the monks were shocked and clothed her in a fine silk cloak. She is also identified with a legendary princess, Miao-shen, who was executed for disobedience by her father, went down to Hades, and so comforted the damned that the registrar of the underworld petitioned the ruler of Hell to

The other two carvings illustrated (both eighteenth-century works) also exhibit a nice sense of the inherent quality of the material of which they are made, but from the nature of things are less cunning adaptations of natural forms. A piece of soapstone is more readily adapted to any shape; with coral the main elements of form—branches, etc.—are immutable. Soapstone is sometimes mistaken for jade:



3. "KWANYIN, THE GODDESS OF MERCY": AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY CARVING IN SOAPSTONE. (10 in. high.)

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release her, on the ground that as long as she remained all the sinners suffering punishment forgot their pain and were filled with joy.





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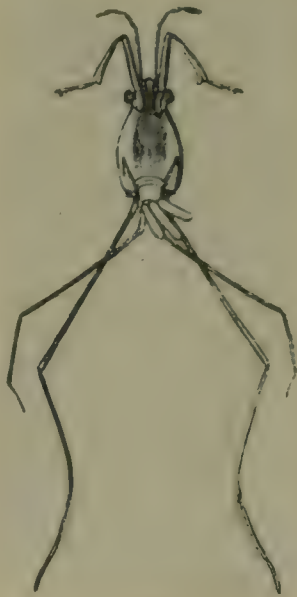


# THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S.

## CONCERNING "BUGS."

MY choice of "bugs" to-day may seem a somewhat unpleasant theme, but it is well, at times, to grasp the nettle and make an attempt to learn a little more about creatures which have deservedly an evil reputation, especially so in the case of that revolting creature the bed-bug. But if, by its evil ways, it has been placed outside the pale of pleasing conversation, the same cannot be said of hosts of its relations, near and remote. The bed-bug, we may imagine, like some human malefactors, might claim "we must live somehow." And in this claim we find the key to the mystery of the lives of many others of nature's "criminal classes." For this is in the struggle for existence, based, originally, on quite inoffensive means of obtaining a livelihood, but which, owing to force of circumstances, has brought them into



1. A SPECIES WHICH SPENDS ITS WHOLE EXISTENCE ON THE SURFACE OF THE OPEN SEA: THE FEMALE OF THE OCEAN WATER-BUG (*HALOBATES*), CARRYING EGGS. Most of the members of the tribe spend their whole existence on the surface of the ocean, hundreds of miles from land, but some occasionally come shorewards and have even been found on land.

conflict with man's well-being. This unmentionable insect, which has so disastrously fallen from grace, is but one out of a host of some 30,000 species labelled by the man of science as "bugs." Though they display a most surprising diversity of form and coloration all are alike in having the mouth-parts adjusted for sucking either the juices of plants or the blood of the higher animals. And on this account many have become pests to the farmer and gardener as well as disseminators of disease among mankind.

Now it is very obvious that I cannot survey so vast a multitude in the space of a single essay. Hence, I shall confine myself to the almost incredible diversity it presents in the matter of form and colour, to which I have alluded. For here, in this one group, we find a striking manifestation of the extreme plasticity of living bodies, sometimes to be traced to adjustments brought about by the choice of food, and sometimes to agencies at present veiled in mystery, probably because so little is known of the life-history of most of the more remarkable types, which now seem to be no more than vagaries of growth.

Let me begin with those strange creatures, the ocean water-bugs (*Halobates*) (Fig. 1), whose long, slender legs have come into being by adjustments enabling them to walk on the surface-film of the water. But more than this. They are among the most remarkable of living insects, because they do not touch dry land during the whole of their existence, which is spent on the ocean wastes of water, hundreds of miles from land. During stormy weather they probably take shelter below the surface, for they have been observed to dive with ease. They apparently feed on the juicy bodies of jelly-fish and small dead fishes floating at the surface. The general

appearance of these remarkable creatures is seen in the adjoining photograph showing a female carrying her eggs. But it would seem that sometimes, at any rate, they are deposited on such flotsam and jetsam as may occur floating on the sea, for a feather was picked up by an Italian ship which was covered by *Halobates*' eggs in an advanced stage of development.

There are altogether some fifteen species of *Halobates* and one or two of these are known not only to approach the shore but,



3. A REMARKABLE SPECIES OF BUG OF WHOSE HABITS NOTHING IS KNOWN: *PTILOCNEMUS SIDICUS*—ONE OF A SMALL FAMILY OF TWENTY-FIVE SPECIES, ALL WITH STRANGELY FEATHERED ANTENNAE AND HEAVILY FEATHERED LEGS.



2. A SPECIES IN WHICH THE MALE SHOWS CURIOUSLY LEG-LIKE ANTENNAE, PROBABLY USED FOR GRASPING THE FEMALE: THE FRESH-WATER *RHEUMATORATES* (MALE).

occasionally, to be found on land. We find a further clue to the origins of this strange mode of life among species of the allied genus, *Halobatodes*, which have been found in fresh water in India, and others in estuaries at Port Darwin. Finally, we may study very striking differences in the forms assumed by these "water-bugs" in the occupants of our own ponds and ditches, such as *Nepa*, the water-scorpion, the

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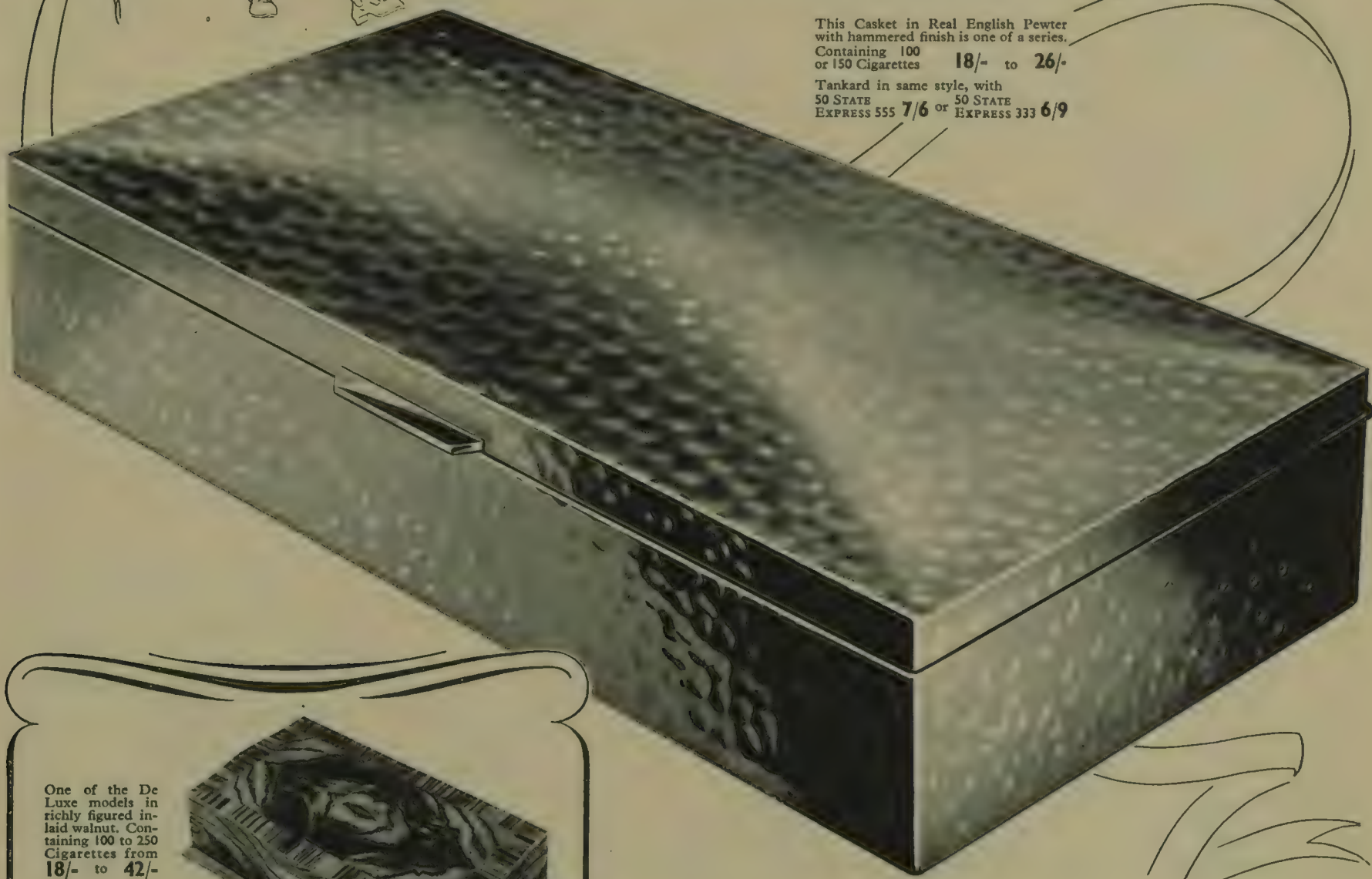


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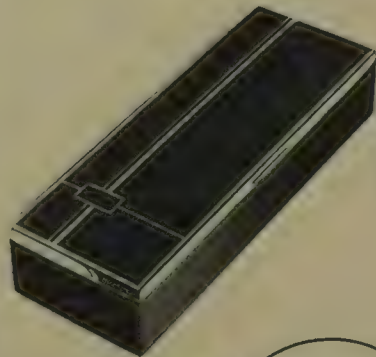


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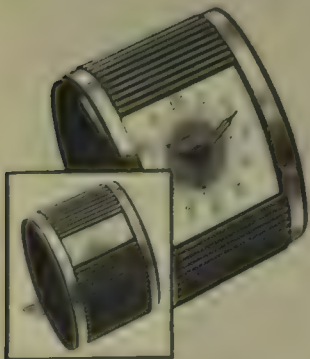


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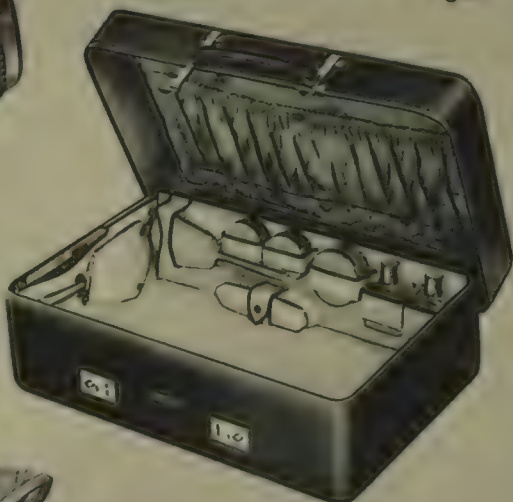
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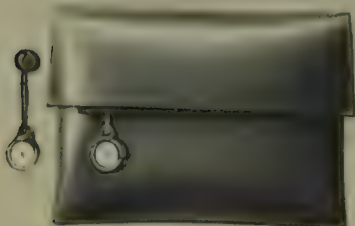
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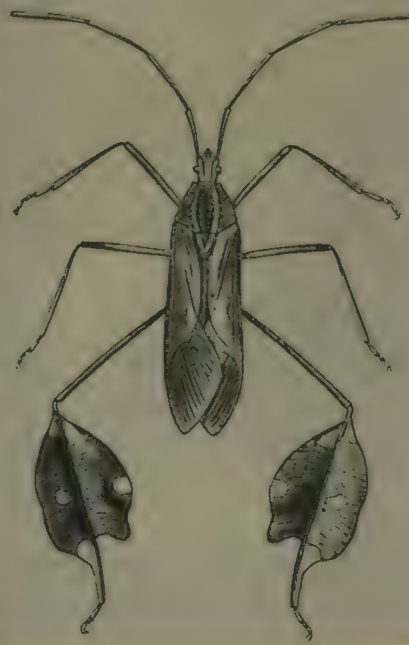
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Continued.

water-boatman, and the pond-skater, *Gerris* (Fig. 5), for example. These native species, at our very doors, so to speak, have never been intensively studied for the purpose of discovering, if possible, the agencies which have brought about such very divergent types. Here is a piece of investigation well worth while. It may well turn out that their very wide differences of form are, in large measure, due to differences in their choice of food, and the consequent differences in the mode of feeding; but idiosyncrasies in the qualities of their tissues may also have played a not unimportant part.

Diverse as these several species of our water-bugs may be in the matter of shape, they are far surpassed in that bizarre-looking fresh-water species, *Rheumatobates bergrothi*, shown in Fig. 2, which is found in regions so far apart as North America and the West Indies. The modification of the last two pairs of legs is indeed striking. The long pair are evidently used as oars. But, as yet, apparently nothing can be said as to the singular form



4. HAVING STRANGE, LEAF-LIKE EXPANSIONS ON THE HIND-LEGS, WHICH PROBABLY HARMONISE WITH THE BRIGHT FLOWERS AMONG WHICH THE CREATURE LIVES: THE TROPICAL AMERICAN LAND-BUG *DIACTOR BILINEATUS*, OF VIVID COLORATION.

of the hindmost pair, with their curiously thickened bases. The antennae in the males have been transformed into grasping organs for holding the females. As a result, they have taken on the appearance of a pair of legs! The curious tufts of hairs on the inner surfaces of the two strange-looking hinder pairs of legs are probably not mere "ornaments," but rather are aids to some peculiar mode of swimming, which would also account for what appears to be a "streamlined" body. It may be remembered that our water-boatman (*Notonecta*) has the hinder pair of legs greatly enlarged for swimming, and, along the hinder margin, they are fringed with hairs. It also has small tufts of hair at the hinder end of the body which probably form part of the apparatus for collecting air for breathing, which is done from the surface of the water.

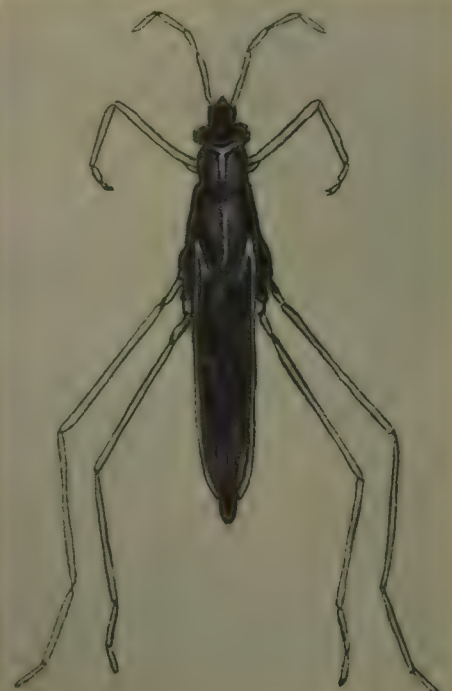
As showing the very striking contrasts in the form of the body among

these "bugs," even where the mode of life is precisely similar, we may turn to *Corixia*, which, though very closely related to *Notonecta*, yet bears a very close likeness to many water-beetles, creatures of a totally different ancestry. It has, however, two pairs of swimming legs, the hindmost being relatively larger and broader than in *Notonecta* and having a more extensive fringe of hairs. It swims back-upwards, like a water-beetle, which *Notonecta* will also do on occasions, though for no more than a few strokes. Again, *Notonecta* has a long, stiletto-like piercing proboscis which it uses for sucking the blood of fishes, while in *Corixia* this weapon is short and used only for sucking the juices of water-plants. The fact that the breathing apparatus in these two insects, living side by side in the same pond, is markedly different, again shows how quite nearly related species respond very differently to precisely similar external stimuli, and this because the qualities of their tissues are different and hence respond differently to similar stimuli.

*Notonecta* and *Corixia*, however, present no very striking peculiarities to arrest the attention such as are seen in, say, *Rheumatobates*, and other aquatic insects. But this matter of contrast is again brought home to us in two other members of this great community of "bugs." And these are not aquatic.

The first of these is the tropical American *Diactor bilineatus* (Fig. 4), wherein the hindmost pair of legs bears a large, heart-shaped and leaf-like lobe, very brightly coloured, contrasting with the coloration of the body, which is also striking. These lobes are, apparently, ornamental, but as so little is known of this insect in its natural haunts they may form part of a "protective" coloration, harmonising with brightly coloured flowers.

The second of these two is the Australian *Ptilocnemus sidnicus* (Fig. 3), wherein the antennae are long and feathered and the hindmost pair of legs bear a great plume-like fringe. What function this strange outgrowth performs is unknown. It may be merely a "secondary sexual" character.



5. COMMONLY FOUND ON OUR PONDS IN THE SUMMER RUNNING ABOUT ON THE SURFACE-FILM OF THE WATER: THE WATER-SKATER (*GERRIS THORACICUS*).



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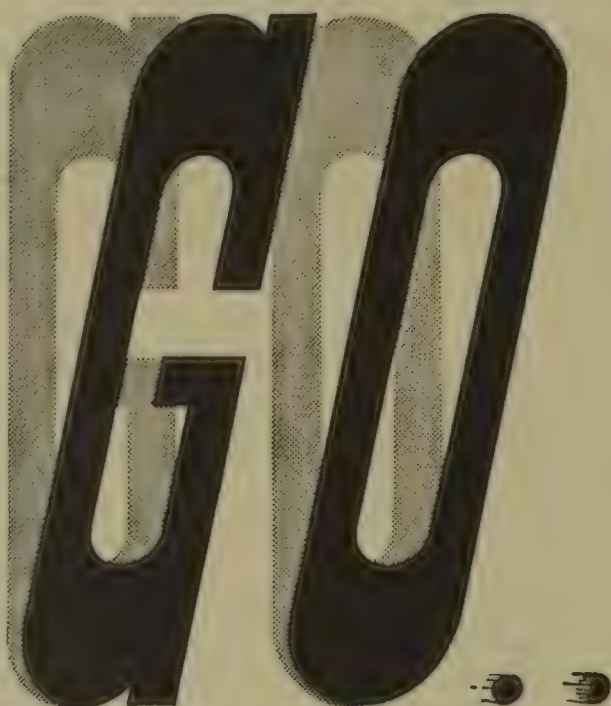
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## THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

By H. THORNTON RUTTER.

MOTORISTS will have to keep a diary chronicling the regulations and Orders made by the Minister of Transport if they wish to keep out of the 'clutches of the law. Also they must keep their weather eye open for new speed-limit restrictions. The Ministry of Transport has just given a Christmas present in the form of an Order imposing the speed limit of 30 m.p.h. in the built-up areas in Essex, on the Chipping Ongar-Great Dunmow road (B-184), also at Chipping Ongar between the Epping-Chelmsford road (A-122) and a point 550 yards northward. Looking back over the past twelve months, motorists may grumble at the delay in making ideal roads in Great Britain, but in actual fact the Ministry of Transport deserves praise for the many improvements which have been effected. I do not know any other country in Europe which has such good "unclassified" roads as we have, and those are the highways which are mostly used by the inhabitants of such districts.

As for "A" and "B" routes, each day sees some improvement. Thus the Devon County Council has been given a grant by the Minister from the Road Fund for widening the narrow and dangerous section of the Newton Abbot - Torquay road at Kingskerswell, on route A-380. It is a popular thoroughfare, and has been widened to 60 ft. throughout, except in the Kingskerswell section. Now this will be done, including a new bridge, as at present the road passes under High Street, Kingskerswell, and is restricted in width to 24 ft. in order to pass through the bridge.



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Visibility is limited by a curve in the road, and there are no footpaths. Under the scheme now approved, the road will be widened to 60 ft. for a length of 360 yards, and reconstructed with a 30-ft. carriage-way, two footpaths, and grass verges. Masonry-faced concrete retaining walls will support the high ground on each side of the bridge-approaches, and the section of High Street over the bridge will be reconstructed. The cost of the scheme is estimated at £25,000, including £6600 for the new bridge.



IN EPPING FOREST: THE NEW CHRYSLER "IMPERIAL" EIGHT-CYLINDER SALOON, WHICH IS PRICED AT £550.

An interesting publication is the eighth Annual Report of the Experimental Work on Highways (Technical) Committee, dealing with the experimental work of the Road Department, Ministry of Transport, published at half a crown by H.M. Stationery Office. Features of special interest in the year's work include a comparison of the cost and efficiency of concrete placed and finished by machinery with that of similar concrete consolidated by hand. Skidding tests have been carried out periodically on several sections, and valuable data regarding the behaviour of different types of surfacing are recorded.

The need for improvement of the riding qualities of roads by tar and bituminous surfacings as well as by concrete finishes has been tested by a machine designated the profilometer, designed and constructed by the Road Research Laboratory, which measures the riding qualities of experimental road sections. This sixteen-wheeled machine compares irregularities in the surface by integrating the vertical rise and fall in profile of the road above a given datum, the results being recorded as "inches per mile." An instance of its use is given in connection with one of the sections of the experimental tar and bituminous surfacings on the Kirkham by-pass, Lancashire. Measurements made with the profilometer indicated that remedial treatment was necessary. So a thin carpet was superimposed on the surface and the riding qualities were materially improved.





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## NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER: FICTION OF THE MONTH.

WHAT is the difference between a novel and a long story? There is a difference; no one would think of describing "America" as a novel, and yet it is a story—a long story—about men and women in the real world. So why not a novel? According to Mr. E. M. Forster, the distinction lies in the treatment of human motive—the degree of emphasis on cause and effect. "The King died, and then the Queen died" is just a story. "The King died, and then the Queen died of sorrow" is a plot—a novel in embryo. Of course, it's not as simple as that; but the more you transfer the emphasis from what happened to why it happened, the farther you get from being a pure story-teller.

That will just do for "America." An almost total lack of connection and purpose is the chief thing about it. The hero is a young German—an innocent—expatriated by his family for no good reason. On the point of leaving the ship, he suddenly becomes very intimate with one of the stokers. The stoker's conduct is peculiar, almost incredible, and never explained. A rich uncle appears: exit stoker, as abruptly as he came in. The uncle's way of life is peculiar, almost incredible, and never explained. He indulges his nephew to begin with, then casts him off, in highly peculiar circumstances, for next to no reason. Exit uncle. After a short time on the road, Karl gets a job as lift-boy in the Hotel Occidental, and a most peculiar life that is. He loses the job, for no reason whatever. Two ruffians get hold of him, shut him up in their flat, and make him a household drudge; the household, needless to say, is peculiar, almost incredible, and never explained. Then there is a gap. And then, finally, he is absorbed into "the great Nature Theatre of Oklahoma"—an "almost limitless" theatre, which was to restore all that he had lost, "even his old home and his parents, as if by some celestial witchery." The book is unfinished. But the "great Nature Theatre" touches the very heights of peculiarity, and, far from being explained, seems inexplicable.

And all these astonishing scenes are packed with detail and as vivid as they can be; they have even a fantastic air of the commonplace. Mr. Edwin Muir, in the introduction, calls them profound. My own view is just the

opposite: they are superficial; in fact, they are surface, and nothing more. And that is the point. The author exhibits action without the springs of action—for the motives as revealed are so queer that you want other motives to explain them; he presents the whole crowded, comic, sinister fantasy of human life as it would look from outside. In Karl we have the outsider *par excellence*, a young, simple boy pitchforked into an alien country, and that America. Kafka had never been to America, he knew it only at second-hand, but he could have chosen



INAUGURATING THE WORLD'S FIRST MOBILE AUTOMATIC TELEPHONE EXCHANGE: MAJOR G. C. TRYON, THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL, PERFORMING THE CEREMONY BY SPEAKING ON THE TELEPHONE TO THE CHAIRMAN OF THE ESSEX COUNTY COUNCIL.

Major G. C. Tryon, the Postmaster-General, inaugurated the world's first mobile automatic telephone exchange on December 7. The vehicle is in the form of a trailer, is self-contained, and will work unattended day and night, except for a weekly visit. The mobile unit enables a hundred subscribers to dial calls to one another or to trunk operators at a neighbouring exchange and will be used for restoring the telephone service if any exchange is damaged in any way or where there is some delay in completing a new exchange. It will shortly be stationed at North Weald, Essex. (Topical.)

no other setting—for, in European eyes, America is the most peculiar country of all. It is the home of surface activity and material progress. It is the place where anything may happen, and where all reunions are possible. It is comic, nightmarish and slightly non-human. Karl, indeed, takes it all very much for granted, for he has the innocent eye, and does not know enough to be really puzzled.

Obviously a tale like this might have gone on piling up disconnected episodes until kingdom come; it was unfinished from the start. But that is a feature of all "stories"; the end may be laid down, the moment of reaching it is quite arbitrary. Yes, and even the way of reaching it—for any scene in this book could be replaced by an entirely different scene, and it wouldn't matter. A dreadful state of things, to the advocates of "pure form."

"Angry Man's Tale" is a first novel, with no claim to greatness and one serious flaw. I put it next because of the flavour. Very few novels taste of anything but other novels; this one has a tang of its own. The scene opens in Majorca, before the revolution. Tony, the narrator, is violently in love with Constance, who, after being violently in love with him for two months, has "let him down terribly." She is a shallow, vulgar little humbug—he knows all that—but "terribly sweet." There is not the faintest hope that she will come back to him. So he moons about, with nothing to do but expect a letter—which he doesn't expect. All the same, it arrives, and they meet again, and she behaves worse than ever—so we are back to the beginning.

Meanwhile, his friends on the island are a Mr. and Mrs. Gailey and Mrs. Gailey's unrequited adorer, Fenwick—the embodiment of the old school tie. And now comes the flaw. This adorer (a harmless and solemn butt) reads "Wuthering Heights," decides that he is very like Heathcliff, and quite incredibly resolves to become a murderer. He bashes Gailey's head in one night and, from the legal point of view, gets away with it; only the beloved, who has never had a great deal of use for him, now abominates him. As Tony is leaving the island on a visit to Portugal, she goes too; they share a house in the mountains, Tony falls ill, Mrs. Gailey sits devotedly by his bedside, and at last he marries her. He is still expecting letters from Constance.

And we are told all about it off-hand, in a style full of little surprises and impertinences—the style of a witty, cultivated *enfant terrible*. Mrs. Gailey won't quite do, but the whole Constance business is admirable. The local colour is admirable. And there are one or two delectable side-shows: for example, the hero's day out shooting with a Portuguese prince, which I thought the best thing in the book, and which is certainly the funniest. Look out for this writer. [Continued overleaf.]

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1937 : 61.43 " " " " " " 1937 : 2971.46						
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*Continued.*

Mr. A. G. Street's book, "Already Walks To-morrow," is a morality disguised as fiction. It is about "selfish farming" and the neglect of the land. This, in 1946, led to a world famine and, in England, the famine led to a wise dictatorship, a return to farming as it should be, and the moral and material regeneration of the whole country. All the first part is, of course, thoroughly documented; the facts are very alarming, and the fiction makes them very easy to read. But I thought the love interest would have been more at home in a novelette.

Mr. Crankshaw has published a book on Conrad, and "Nina Lessing," his first novel, reminds one of Henry James. It is elaborate, distinguished, and rather slow. Nina, a Viennese and a great dancer, had always had her own way, until she fell in love with an English composer who was equally obstinate. He wrote a ballet for her; they fell out over its production, and parted. That's the whole story. Nina's character, and her relations with her fellow-egoist, are beautifully worked out, but the author is too much on her side; one can't feel that she is either so important, or so right, as he seems to think, and all that careful analysis leaves just the faintest impression of much ado about—not so much.

"Smooth," I feel, is the word for "Snake in the Grass," by Martin Armstrong. The snake is a real snake to begin with; the shock of meeting it gets Jimmy over a childish disappointment and seems to enhance the beauty of life. At the end of his very gratifying career, when he has achieved all he ever will, but can't resign himself to the fact, the snake becomes metaphorical. I won't say what it is now, but it appears in the nick of time. And in between we have the career itself—described with great smoothness.

"Dear Family," by Caroline Seaford, is malicious and gay. The Credes are all devoted to one another, and when darling Lou writes from Sydney, bemoaning her poverty and unhappiness and the way her husband drinks, they can't bear it: Lou and all her darling children must come home to The Nest. They come home, and the delight of seeing them is only equalled by the delight (a year later) of seeing the last of them. As for darling Lou and her brood, having turned The Nest into a bear-garden and gobbled every advantage that came their way, they are enchanted to get out of "this rotten country." But family devotion wins through; when we take leave of the Credes, they are planning a return visit.

"Such Harmony," by Susan Goodyear, is a sort of ecclesiastical cousin to "Miss Mole." On the death of her father (a parson), Rachel Hemsley comes to live near her sister (a rector's wife). She gains the confidence of her niece. She becomes the right hand of her brother-in-law—an *âme d'élite*, a saint and mystic, but so unhappily married. Finally, she wins the London architect who has come down to repair the church. For Rachel is still fresh and lovely, though forty. Not my cup of tea—but well brewed and beautifully served, if you like the blend. There is more plot than I have described; there is even tension, though it begins too late and leaves off too suddenly.

"War Lord" and "These Were the Young" are good novels spoilt, it seemed to me, by malignity. Mr. Mosley's brutal, torturing Chinese hero (whom we are asked to admire) would put one off any book, although the writing is vigorous and the subject highly topical. Miss Nicholson's gloomy and self-pitying hero fought in the war, but that is really no excuse for his conduct—not that he is meant to be disagreeable.

On the other hand, "The Dead Harm No One," though tough and bitter, is sympathetic. It is the story of a crime, and of how two men tried to save a woman from the gallows, and failed, and were bound to fail all along. An English story à l'Américaine, and first-rate.

Finally, "Death From a Top-Hat" "makes a change." We are used to murdered corpses in hermetically sealed rooms, and here is another of them; but here every single suspect is an "escape king," a conjurer, a clairvoyant, a ventriloquist, a professional medium, or a lady whose vocation it is to be sawn in half. Think what that does to the clues! A refreshing idea, worked out with the spirit and competence it deserved.

K. J.

#### BOOKS REVIEWED.

- America. By Franz Kafka. (Routledge; 8s. 6d.)  
Angry Man's Tale. By Peter de Polnay. (Secker and Warburg; 7s. 6d.)  
Already Walks To-morrow. By A. G. Street. (Faber; 7s. 6d.)  
Nina Lessing. By Edward Crankshaw. (Macmillan; 7s. 6d.)  
Snake in the Grass. By Martin Armstrong. (Gollancz; 7s. 6d.)  
Dear Family. By Caroline Seaford. (Gollancz; 7s. 6d.)  
Such Harmony. By Susan Goodyear. (Chatto and Windus; 8s. 6d.)  
War Lord. By Leonard Mosley. (Michael Joseph; 7s. 6d.)  
These Were the Young. By Mary Nicholson. (Longmans; 7s. 6d.)  
The Dead Harm No One. By E. Baker Quinn. (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.)  
Death From a Top-Hat. By Clayton Rawson. (Collins; 7s. 6d.)

#### BOOKS OF THE DAY.—(Continued from page 1146.)

children of to-day," writes Mr. Mackenzie, "can still be enthralled by what they know to be an impossibility may be judged by the success of creations like Mickey Mouse and Donald Duck. I fancy the child is prepared to concede any absurdity provided he does not suspect that a deliberate attempt is being made to delude him."

After an inspection—somewhat cursory perforce—of this year's illustrated story-books, I have divided them into two groups, one in which the main characters are animals, and the others stories where the leading parts are played usually by boys and girls. In the animal section I can recommend in particular "THIRTY FABLES." By Benjamin Rabier. With numerous Comic Drawings (Blackwell; 3s. 6d.); "CHRISTMAS AT THE FOUR-PAWS CLUB." By Abbie Phillips Walker. Illustrated by A. E. Kerr (Hamish Hamilton; 5s.); "PERRI": The Youth of a Squirrel. By Felix Salten. Introduction by Beverley Nichols (Cape; 5s.); "BABETTE." Story and Pictures (about a Siamese cat) by Clare Turlay Newberry (Hamish Hamilton; 4s. 6d.); "THE STAGE-STRUCK SEAL." Written and Illustrated by James Hull (Blackwell; 2s. 6d.); "NIKI TAKES A HOLIDAY." By Rene Worley and Roberts Johnson (Michael Joseph; 3s. 6d.); and "TINY STORIES FOR TINY PEOPLE." By Hilda Oakley Cookson. Illustrated (Stockwell; 2s. 6d.). Finally comes a set of dainty little books, sure to please young readers, belonging to the Bedtime Story-Books Series, and entitled respectively, "JIMMY SKUNK," "JOHNNY CHUCK," "MR. MOCKER," and "OLD MAN COYOTE." All these are by Thornton W. Burgess, and are illustrated (in colour and line) by Harrison Cady (Lane; 2s. each).

I turn now to a batch of beguiling picture-books of very varied interest. In these days it is indeed refreshing to come across anything amusing out of Spain. Such is the story of a little Spanish boy's adventures entitled, "PEPITO." Written and illustrated by Sheila Hawkins (Hamish Hamilton; 7s. 6d.). Pepito did not tilt at windmills (he was more familiar with the ways of petrol-pumps), but his donkey, Don Diego, is a not unworthy collateral descendant of Rosinante. In this delightful story there is nothing about civil war or air raids. Perhaps if it could be brought to the notice of both sides in a good Spanish translation it might help the Spaniards to find peace through laughter. A companion volume by the same author-illustrator is called "APPLEBY JOHN": The Miller's Lad (Hamish Hamilton; 7s. 6d.). Here the setting is British and the humour is derived from bucolic stupidity. All who have ever listened to the bagpipes, whether in fondness or in fury, will appreciate "WEE GILLIS." Story by Munro Leaf. Pictures by Robert Lawson (Hamish Hamilton; 4s. 6d.). Wee Gillis could not decide whether to be a Highlander or a Lowlander, having relatives in both camps. It was the bagpipes which solved his dilemma. Other story-books offer a variety of entertainment, namely, "BLACK, WHITE AND CAROLINE." By Susan Ertz. Illustrations by Constance Dahl (Hodder and Stoughton; 5s.); "LARKY LEGENDS." By Norman Hunter. Illustrated by James Arnold (Lane; 6s.); "THE MAGIC TRAIN." By Lisa (Lane; 3s. 6d.); and "WHAT TO DO ABOUT MOLLY." By Marjorie Flack. Illustrated (Lane; 3s. 6d.).



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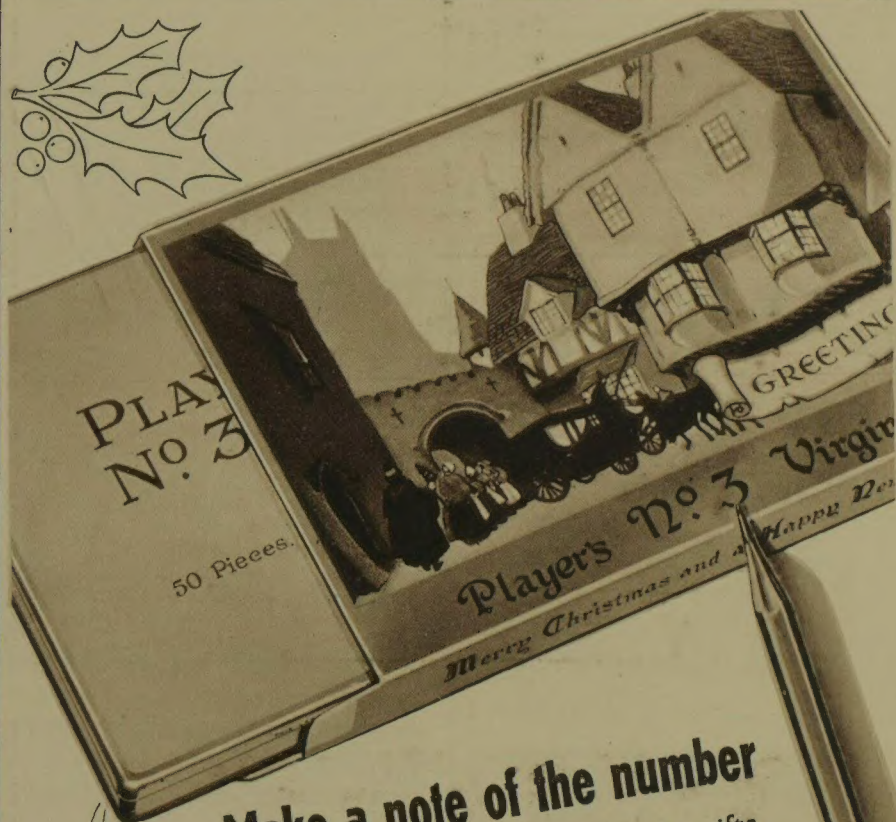
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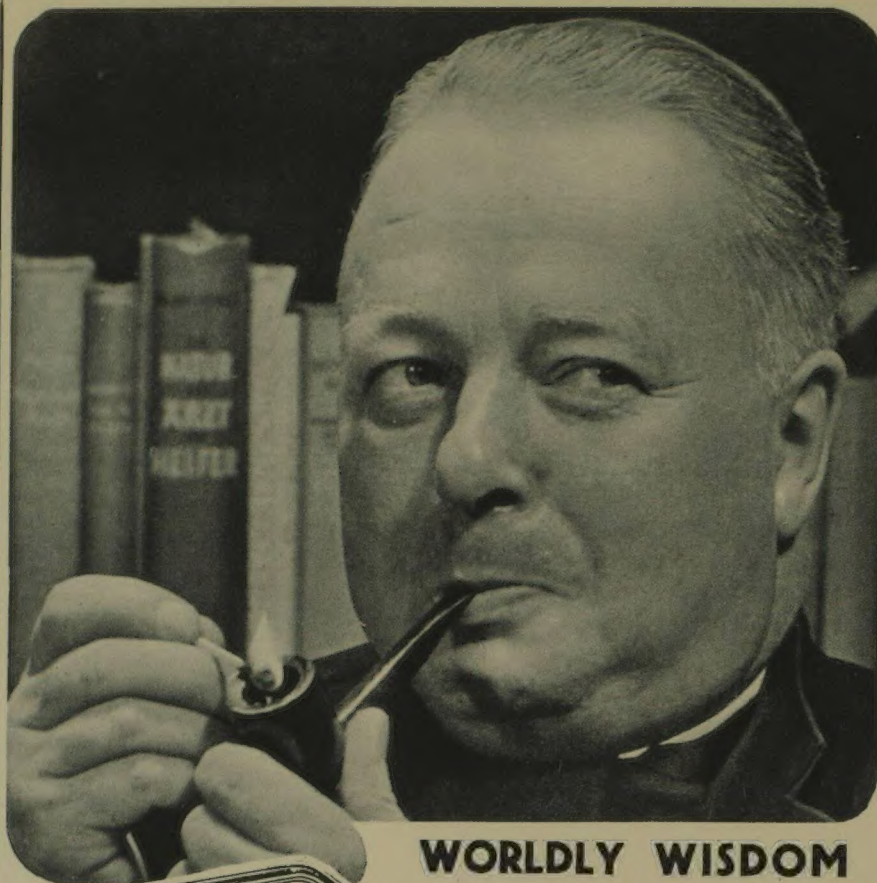
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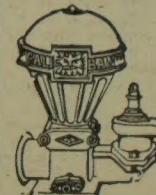
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